

The TATLER

JUNE 4, 1958

& BYSTANDER — (2/-)

SUMMER NUMBER





The brilliance of the Diamond is for those born in Aries (March 21-April 19) and the glowing fire of the Opal for the daughters of Libra (September 23-October 22). The beauty of these jewels arouses admiration, but so does the beauty of the lovely complexion that comes from using Cussons Imperial Leather Toilet Soap, now superfatted. A vital beauty, lovely as any jewel.

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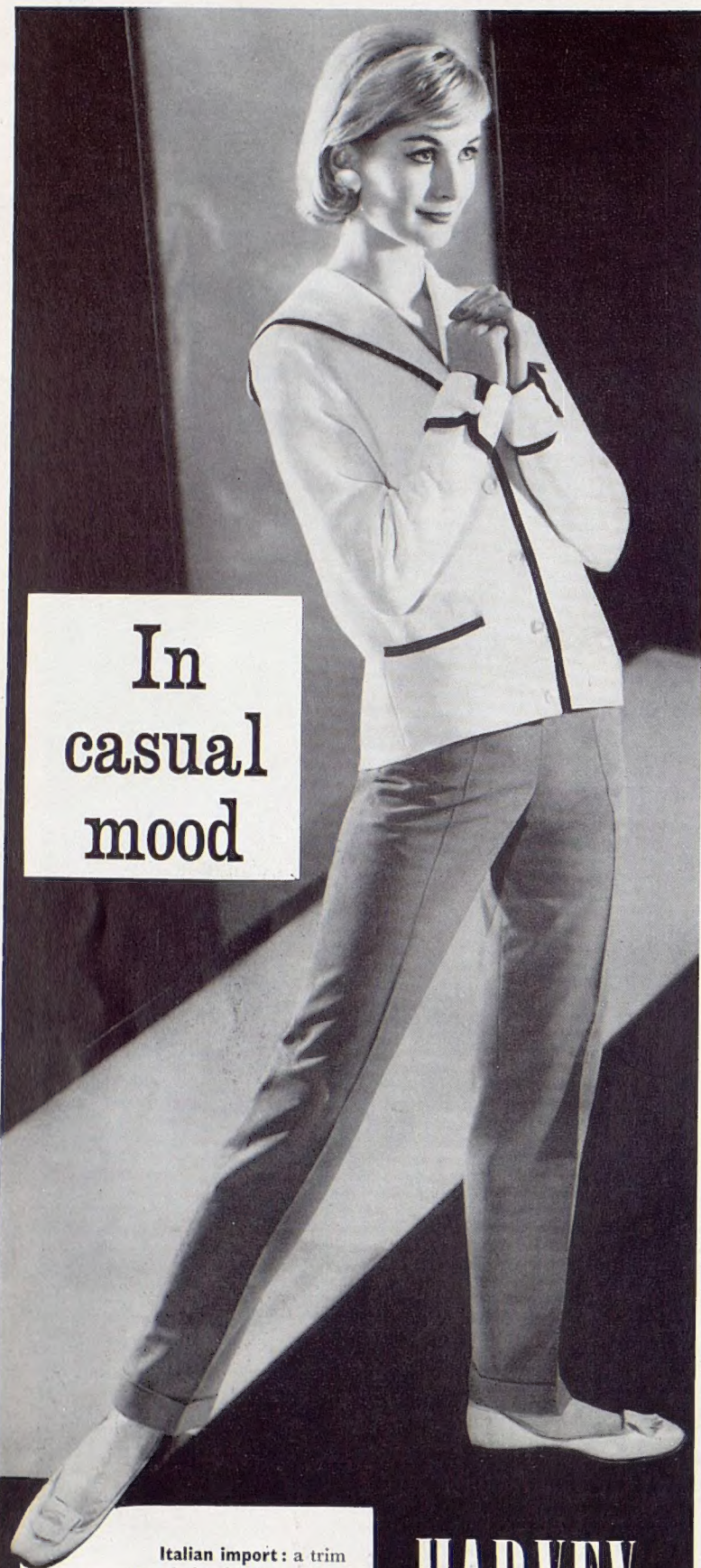
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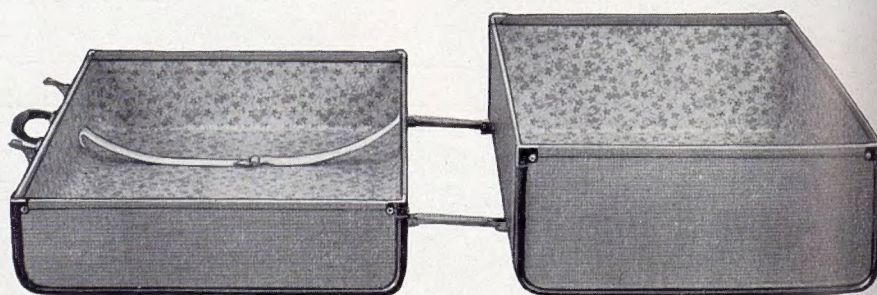
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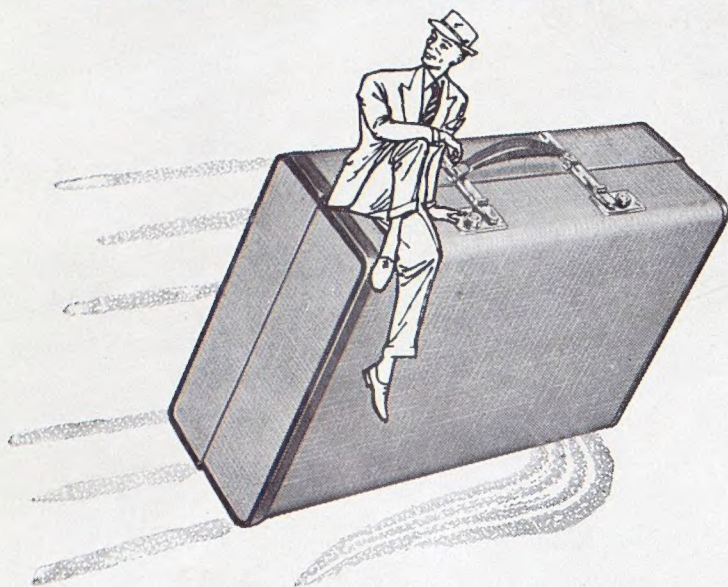
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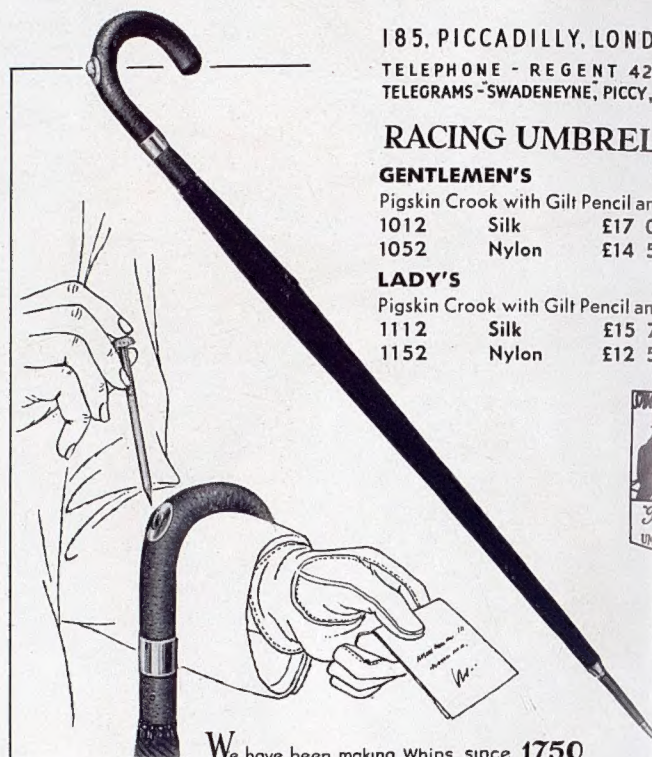
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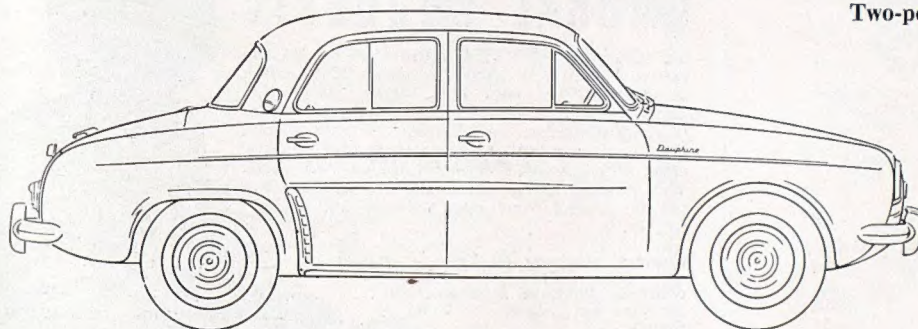
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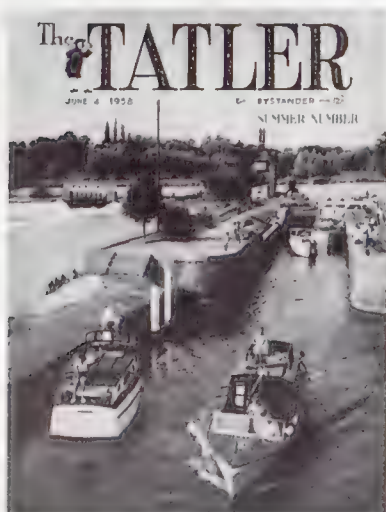
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Horrockses



The summer number

In this issue The TATLER welcomes the out-of-doors season. *Go Gliding For Your Holiday* suggests an article on page 513. Or, if you want far-away places, see the article on the world's dearest capital (page 514)



THE RIVER and the summer go together. Days on the river combine the fascination of boating, the attraction of the passing countryside—and the assurance of calm water. The boats in this picture are passing through the charming Goring Lock on the Thames in Oxfordshire. An article on river holidays appears on page 516

DIARY of the week

FROM 5 JUNE TO 11 JUNE

THURSDAY 5 JUNE

Book Fair: Antiquarian Book Fair opens in the Stallybrass Galleries, Piccadilly, under the auspices of the Antiquarian Booksellers' Association and in co-operation with the National Book League.

Cricket: First Test Match—England v. New Zealand, at Edgbaston, Birmingham (to 10th).

Racing at Epsom and Beverley.

FRIDAY 6 JUNE

Opera: Opera at Ingestre Hall, Staffs (to 15th).

Reunion: The Burma Reunion, Royal Albert Hall.

Garden Party: The Indian Cavalry garden party at Hurlingham.

Racing at Epsom (The Oaks), Bogsida and Pontefract.

SATURDAY 7 JUNE

Royal Engagement: Princess Margaret attends rally at Helmingham Hall, Stowmarket, of the Suffolk Girl Guides.

Polo: First rounds of the Royal Windsor Cup, Cowdray Park, Midhurst.

Racing at Bogsida, Pontefract, Kempton Park and Worcester.

SUNDAY 8 JUNE

Concert: Yehudi Menuhin as solo violinist and conductor of the Festival Chamber Orchestra, Royal Festival Hall, 7.30 p.m.

MONDAY 9 JUNE

Royal Engagement: The Queen opens new B.E.A. terminal buildings at Gatwick Airport.

Racing at Nottingham and Alexandra Park.

TUESDAY 10 JUNE

Royal Engagements: The Queen and Prince Philip attend a centenary gala performance at the Royal

Opera House, Covent Garden. Massed bands of the Royal Marines beat Retreat on Horse Guards Parade before Prince Philip, to celebrate his birthday.

Recital: Lecture on the life of Kathleen Ferrier by Winifred Ferrier in the Recital Room, Royal Festival Hall, 3.15 p.m., in aid of the Kathleen Ferrier Cancer Research Fund.

Racing at Nottingham.

WEDNESDAY 11 JUNE

Lecture: Sir Vivian Fuchs gives an illustrated lecture on the Trans-Antarctic Expedition, at Royal Festival Hall, 8 p.m.

Fair: The Antique Dealers' Fair opens at Grosvenor House (to 26th).

Exhibition: The Royal Society of Women Artists' Exhibition, R.I. Galleries, Piccadilly.

Garden Opened: Sir Winston and Lady Churchill open the gardens of their home at Chartwell, nr. Westerham, in aid of the Westerham local churches—10.30 a.m. to 7.30 p.m.

Racing at Catterick Bridge and Brighton.

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The TATLER

G. B. STANDER

Vol. CCXIII. No. 2969

4 June 1958

TWO SHILLINGS



Antony Armstrong Jones

PERSONALITY

The progress-chaser

PRINCE PHILIP celebrates his 37th birthday next Tuesday and massed bands of the Royal Marines will beat the retreat on the Horse Guards Parade. The Prince, as Captain-General of the Marines, will take the salute. This ceremony, comparable with the Trooping the Colour that marks the Queen's official birthday, underlines the distinctive position that Prince Philip has come to occupy in the national life.

Through his activities in stimulating industry and encouraging youth he has built for himself the rôle of national progress-chaser. In his presidential address to the British Association in 1951 he spoke of "the lack of a co-ordinated system of scientific and technological education in this country."

Since then he has rarely missed an opportunity of pointing out, in his pithy style, where industry lags, and of urging that the benefits of science be utilized to the full.

This interest in industry is a contrast with his early training, for he entered Dartmouth intending to make a career in the Royal Navy, like his grandfather (Admiral of the Fleet the Marquess of Milford Haven) and his uncle (the present First Sea Lord).

Another of his interests is promoting fitness among the young. He founded the National Playing Fields Association and also the Duke of Edinburgh Award Scheme for personal achievement among young people. His own prowess at polo, cricket and sailing sets a powerful example.



MR. & MRS. FARRANT GILLHAM gave a cocktail party for their débutante daughter, Pauline, at their flat in Cheyne Court, Chelsea. Mr. Gillham is Commodore of the Royal London Yacht Club.
Above: Miss Pauline Gillham and her mother



Miss Gillian Wagner, Mr. Wilhelmus Van Leuven (he is studying at Cambridge), Miss Ann Gillham, sister of Miss Pauline Gillham, and Mr. Jeremy Uniacke



Mr. David Wingfield, Miss Caroline Wootten, who is a teacher, and Miss Deirdre Hamilton-Hill. Mr. Wingfield is with a shipping company and Miss Hamilton-Hill is the daughter of a director of Rediffusion in Malta

Cocktails for a débutante



Miss Bridget Clarke, daughter of a carpet manufacturer, and Mr. George Nicholson. He is going to join his family's engineering business



Mr. Ion Dear, a Lloyd's broker, and Miss Prue Wellby. Her father is a diamond merchant and lives in Berkshire



Mr. Iain McKay, who is at Sandhurst, Miss Allela Annan, and Miss Margaret MacKay. Miss MacKay's father lives in Camberley

A. V. Swaebø

SOCIAL JOURNAL

Chelsea's best show yet

by JENNIFER

THE QUEEN, Prince Philip, the Queen Mother, Princess Margaret, the Duke & Duchess of Gloucester and Princess Alexandra of Kent all visited this year's Chelsea Flower Show in the grounds of the Royal Hospital at Chelsea. I thought it a more beautiful show than ever before. The quality, colouring and size of many of the exhibits were outstanding. It was also an international show, as there was the Dutch Flower Growers' Association's stand of exquisite flowers, a French vegetable, fruit and flower garden exhibited by Vilbörin-Andrieux of Paris, and a large exhibit of foliage plants, flowering plants and flowers from the German Horticultural Society of Bonn. All three received a gold medal. Among British exhibits John Waterers' two stands were magnificent; one of rhododendrons and azaleas, and the other of herbaceous plants, irises and lilies. These also were awarded gold medals.

Other exhibits which caught my eye were the Duke of Norfolk's luscious prizewinning strawberries, the prizewinning rock-garden built specializing in azaleas, by Robinsons Gardens of Eltham, exquisite gold-medal winning roses shown by Dicksons of Newtownards, Northern Ireland, Blackmore and Langdon's giant delphiniums and begonias—both gold medallists—and a stand of house plants by the Ayldstone Nurseries of Hereford. Going round the show on Private View day, open only to Fellows of the Royal Horticultural Society, I saw the Earl & Countess of Home, Earl & Countess St. Aldwyn accompanied by their capable head gardener, Mr. Bullimore. Lord & Lady Cornwallis, who were perhaps taking even more interest than usual as they have moved to a new home in Sussex during the year, Princess Joan Aly Khan, Mr. & Mrs. Sacheverell Sitwell looking at orchids, Mrs. Graham Bailey, Mrs. Nesbitt Waddington over from Ireland, and Sir Brian & Lady Mountain, both looking fit after several weeks in Scotland where he fished successfully on the Spey. Also going round were Mrs. Tom Berington, the Hon. David & Mrs. Wodehouse, Mrs. Angus Irwin with Lady Cory-Wright, Lady Ogilvy and her aunt Lady Marriott, and Mr. & Mrs. Douglas Jarvis, who have a nice garden in Surrey.

Log fires and azaleas

The Hon. Lady Norman's enchanting home, Ramster, near Chiddingfold, made a lovely setting for the coming-out dance of her granddaughter, Miss Miranda Burke. Nearly 400 guests danced in the long, lofty, beamed ballroom, which has a gallery at one end; they had supper in the equally lofty baronial hall, also beamed and panelled. Large log fires burned gaily in both rooms, and there were magnificent vases of rhododendrons. Red camellias, also from the garden, were arranged on all the supper tables. The famous gardens were at their best with the rhododendrons, azaleas, flowering cherries and other flowering shrubs in full bloom. Lady Norman is an ardent horticulturist and her flowers and shrubs (some her own special crosses), both at Ramster and her lovely South of France property La Garoupe, look cherished and healthy.

The house, garden and beautiful oak tree near the house, reputed to be 1,000 years old, were floodlit, and although it was not a warm evening many couples danced to gipsy music on the lawn of the rose garden. This was a dance which really went with a swing: when I



Londonderry—Harrison

Miss Nicolette Harrison, daughter of Mr. & Mrs. Michael Harrison, Netherhampton, Wiltshire, married the Marquess of Londonderry, of Wynyard Park, Co. Durham, at Wilton Parish Church



Watson—Aspinal

Miss Jane Aspinal, younger daughter of Mr. & Mrs. L. C. Aspinal, Danemore Farm, Speldhurst, Kent, married Capt. Anthony Macleod Watson, the Durham Light Infantry, only son of Mr. & Mrs. T. E. Watson, Sketty, Swansea, at Wargrave Church



Nicholson—Sidi

Miss Pamela Mary Reina Sidi, only daughter of Mr. & Mrs. Vitalis Sidi, Val d'or, Ring Road, Shadwell, Leeds, married Mr. William John Nicholson, the only son of Mr. & Mrs. W. Nicholson, of Ashenden, Grove Lane, Leeds, at the parish church of St. Peter, Thorner, near Leeds



Ewart—Gordon

Miss Sally Caroline Gordon, daughter of the late Major D. W. Gordon, and of Mrs. Gordon, Drayton Gardens, London, married Mr. David John Ewart, elder son of Lt.-Cdr. J. H. Ewart, R.N. (retd.), and Mrs. George Farrar, Lake End House, Taplow, Bucks, at St. Michael's, Chester Square



Lady Colyton and Mr. Peter Coats.
Lord Colyton was formerly a Tory M.P.



The Turkish Ambassador, M. Nuri
Birgi, and Mrs. Vane Ivanovic



Count Zoppi, the Italian Ambassador,
with Lady Willoughby de Broke

Mr. John Fleming, the American book-
dealer, with Lady Bessborough



The Hon. Diana Herbert, dressed as an
Italian peasant, distributed carnations



Lord & Lady John Cholmondeley.
They were married last year



left at 3 a.m. the ballroom was still full and the gaiety continued until after 5 a.m.

Miranda, who is a popular and pretty girl, looked a picture in a white chiffon dress embroidered with kingfisher-blue beads and a swathed blue chiffon top. Her elder sister Meriel, who came out a couple of years ago, was in a dress of blue and white flowered organza. Their cousins, Miss Sarah Norman (who is having her coming-out dance at the Duke & Duchess of Sutherland's lovely home, Sutton Place, on 20 June, and looked pretty in a cherry red and white print), the Hon. Christopher McLaren, Miss Christabel Carlisle and Mr. Christopher Johnson Ferguson were also there.

Lady Norman, a regal figure in black satin with emeralds and diamonds and a spray of white orchids, stayed to the end of this happy party and Miranda's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Aubrey Burke, the latter in oyster satin with a fine tiara, were also indefatigable in looking after their guests.

Many hostesses both in London and the neighbourhood gave dinner parties for the dance. Among the large number of young people I saw enjoying this excellent party were Miss Elizabeth Barlow (whose father Mr. Richard Barlow is joint-Master of the Chiddingfold & Leconfield hounds) dancing with Mr. Christopher Hawarth-Booth, Mr. Andrew Foley who is in the Rifle Brigade, Mr. Ingleby Jefferson from Sandhurst, Miss Celia Wenger, Miss Catrina Parker, Miss Minnie d'Erlanger and Miss Rachel Hillwood. Also Miss Philippa Drummond dancing with Lord Valentine Thynne, Miss Carolyn Naylor, Miss Carolyn Kershaw, Miss Allegra Kent Taylor in palest Parma violet, Lord Montgomerie, Miss Alexandra Bridgewater and her cousin Miss Georgina Milner, Mr. John Roberts, Miss Jane Durant, Miss Virginia Robertson, Miss Alexandra Goudime and her brother Paul, Miss Annabel Loudon, Mr. Christopher Wells and Miss Rosemary Watney, who is having her coming-out dance at the Mercers' Hall on 17 December.

The Highlands in Mayfair

One of the most picturesque occasions of the London season, the Royal Caledonian Ball, was as brilliant as ever. It was at Grosvenor House. Most of the men present were wearing the kilt, pink hunt coats or facings on their evening suits, while most of the ladies wore a silk tartan sash across the top of their dresses. On this occasion sacks were happily absent, and graceful full-skirted

long dresses were worn by nearly everyone. The thought of seeing a reel danced by anyone wearing the modern sack, chemise or barrel dress fills me with horror.

Katherine, Duchess of Atholl and the Duke of Atholl were joint Presidents of the ball and the Countess of Dunmore, whom I saw sitting on the Patronesses dais, wearing a tiara with her grey evening dress, was chairman. Lady Ogilvy who was in white with a tartan sash, and was accompanied by Lord Ogilvy, had arranged the set reels this year, and with Sir Simon Campbell-Orde, the tireless secretary of the ball, had worked hard for the success of this feature. The tall young Duke of Atholl led the procession for the set reels, partnered by the Earl & Countess of Mansfield's elder daughter Lady Malvina Murray, who wore a long white dress patterned with white marguerites. It showed off to advantage her lovely even suntan obtained in Jamaica where her parents have a house. Her brother Viscount Stormont and his wife were dancing in this Atholl Highlanders eight, also Capt. John & Lady Gillian Anderson, Major David Butter and Miss Serena Murray. Major MacGregor Yr. of MacGregor and his wife led the 1st Battalion Scots Guards reel. Mrs. MacGregor, whose parents Mr. & Mrs. Charles Butler were watching from the balcony, looked charming in cream slipper satin with a diamond tiara. Also dancing in this reel were Capt. D. Walter partnered by Miss Sheelin Maxwell, Mr. D. R. Menzies Yr. of Menzies, Miss Jean Fraser, and Mr. C. R. Gibb partnering Miss Amber Leslie.

Among those dancing in the 2nd Battalion reel were Major G. S. Nickerson, Miss Penelope Ballantyne and the Hon. Annabel Hawke, both débutantes this year, the Hon. James Drummond and Mr. D. Baird Smith.

Whitsun at Le Touquet (see pictures on pages 520-1)

As was to be expected, the political crisis in France affected the number of French visitors for Whitsun in Le Touquet. It was quieter than usual, but the big aeroplanes of Silver City's car-ferry service and the comfortable Herons and Doves of Morton Air Services (this line also put on a Dakota in addition to its augmented service) arrived every few minutes bringing visitors from Britain. Visitors to this resort come back year after year. The biggest hotel is the Westminster, which has been beautifully redecorated under the direction of that brilliant administrator M. Abecassis. Also M. Nayrolles has greatly improved the service since he took up residence

AN ANGLO-ITALIAN BALL

Ever since Mrs. Peter Thorneycroft took on the chairmanship of the British-Italian Ball it has become a bigger success each year. This year tickets were sold out, and the large ballroom of the Savoy looked a picture, decorated with hundreds of lovely carnations which had been sent from San Remo, and red, white, and green candles on the dinner tables. Many of the prizes for the raffle, tombola and lucky dance tickets had also come from Italy, including free holidays. Guests were presented with a spray of carnations by attractive young girls, including the Hon. Diana Herbert, in Italian dresses.

Mrs. Thorneycroft looked elegant in a flame-coloured taffeta dress as she received the guests in the River Room. Among those who came to support her effort and enjoy the ball were the Italian Ambassador, the Turkish Ambassador and the Spanish Ambassador, and the Marquesa de Santa Cruz. Also: the Earl & Countess of Harewood (the countess, attractive in a long tangerine-coloured faille dress, drew the lucky numbers for the dance tickets), Mary Duchess of Roxburghe, Lord & Lady John Cholmondeley, Mr. Whitney & Lady Daphne Straight, off to their home in Majorca for Whitsun, the Marquis & Marquise de Miramon, the Marchioness of Lothian, her cousin the Hon. Mrs. Watson-Armstrong and her husband; Viscount Rothermere, Mr. Peter Thorneycroft, Viscount & Viscountess Hambleden, Lord & Lady Colyton, Viscount & Viscountess Lewisham, Lord & Lady Pakenham, the Hon. Harry & Mrs. Cubitt, Mr. & Mrs. Patrick Stirling, the Italian Naval Attaché, Rear-Admiral Silvano Brengola and his wife, who was in pale blue, Signor & Signora Sergio Donn-Amati, the Hon. Graham & Mrs. Lampson, Sir John & Lady Marriott, Mr. Peter Coats, Mr. & Mrs. Kenneth Johnston (he is with the British Council), Sir Ivison & Lady Macadam, and the Hon. Peter & Mrs. Ward.

The Countess of Harewood, Lady Dawe
and Mrs. Peter Thorneycroft



Desmond O'Neill

as manager last year. Other hotels are the new hotel de La Mer (opened last year), which is right on the sea, the Bristol, the Manoir, which adjoins the golf course, and a few smaller places. The golf course was in fine condition and it was good to see the familiar faces of such old friends as Geoffrey, the professional, who was setting everyone in during these busy three days, and Armandine, one of the most famous caddies in Europe, who has also worked here for over 30 years.

At the Westminster, regular visitors over for Whitsun included Viscount & Viscountess Bruce of Melbourne, Lord Weeks and his stepson Major Euan Cumming (Lady Weeks was in the Middle East), Sir Adrian Jarvis, accompanied by his niece Mrs. Lynch & her husband Capt. Ivan Lynch, who is in the Rifle Brigade, Mrs. Ronald Bowes-Lyon and her daughter Mrs. Eaton, General Sir Francis de Guinand, Mr. Charles Rochford, and Sir Beverley & Lady Baxter in a party with Mr. Bobbie & the Hon. Mrs. Burns.

Others over for the weekend were Mr. & Mrs. Reggie Philipps,

Mr. & Mrs. Dudley Tooth, the Hon. Mrs. Dorothy MacAlpine, Mr. & Mrs. Esmond Durlacher, Major W. H. Mackenzie, Mr. & Mrs. Malcolm Northcote, Mr. & Mrs. Kenneth Davies, Sir William Garthwaite, the Hon. John & Mrs. Coventry, Sir David Horsfall, Mr. John Ambler, Mr. Jeremy Spencer-Smith, Mr. Peter Loyd and his attractive wife, and Mr. & Mrs. John Henderson in a party of four with Mr. & Mrs. Tim Collins and Mr. & Mrs. Johannes N. Tollenaar who, like many of those I have mentioned, were playing golf each day.

I also saw Mr. & Mrs. "Benjy" Greenwell, who live in Sussex and played tennis as well as golf each day, and a bunch of young visitors—among them Lord Bingham, Mr. & Mrs. Raymond Salter, Mr. Bobbie Buxton, Mr. John Slesinger, Mr. Nicholas Akroyd, Mr. Ian Cameron, Mr. Dick Bridgeman and Miss Meribah Baxter, whom I saw looking pretty in a gold faille dress.

One of the "musts" when visiting Le Touquet is to lunch (probably out of doors) or dine at Le Club de la Forêt where Flavio produces a superbly cooked meal.

Le Touquet is now open until the season closes at the end of September and forthcoming events of interest here are the tennis tournaments (14-19 July and 2 & 3 August), the trotting and jumping races (13, 14 and 20 July) and the show-jumping (24 and 27 July).

Impressionist feast at the Tate

All who like beautiful pictures should visit the Tate Gallery before 29 June. Here they will find the unique and remarkable Niarchos Collection of seventy works, mainly of the French Impressionist school. These include paintings by Van Gogh, Manet, Cezanne, Matisse, Renoir, Gauguin, Toulouse-Lautrec, Utrillo, Degas and Claude Monet, and one exquisite Corot called "Italian Woman." There are also several superb pieces of sculpture.

Mr. Stavros Niarchos has been forming this collection since 1949, and among those I saw enjoying it at the private view were the Duchess of Buccleuch, Sir Harold Wernher—a great connoisseur—the Hon. Lady Norman, Lady Marks (who has some fine French Impressionists herself), accompanied by Mrs. Michael Sacker, Mr. & Mrs. Michael Hopwood, Mrs. Peter Thorneycroft going round with Princess Joan Aly Khan, Mr. & Mrs. Thornley Hart who were returning to New York two days later, Countess Jellicoe, Mr. & Mrs. George Trypanis, Lady Brooke, Mrs. Katherine Bray just back from an interesting trip to Greece, and the Hon. Mrs. Peter Samuel.



A. V. Swaabe

At the Chelsea Flower Show. Left: Mrs. Patrick Power and her daughter Judy, who came from Warwickshire. Right: Lady (Simon) Marks, wife of the chairman of Marks & Spencer

JENNIFER *continued*

I went to a delightful cocktail party at the Savoy given by Sir Harold & Lady Mitchell to celebrate Sir Harold's birthday. The Mitchells, who have homes in Bermuda and Jamaica, will be in England until the middle of July, to the delight of their many friends. With them is their seven-year-old daughter Mary-Jean, who was at her father's birthday party looking enchanting in a pale-pink embroidered organza dress. Sir Harold is a Knight of St. John and has for many years done splendid work for that good cause in the West Indies.

At the party I met several of the leading personalities of the St. John Ambulance Brigade, including Countess Mountbatten of Burma (who stayed with Sir Harold & Lady Mitchell when she was visiting the West Indies on a St. John Ambulance inspection last winter), Maj.-Gen. John Kirkman, the Commissioner-in-Chief, the Countess of Brecknock and Sir Thomas & Lady Cook. Also at this party were the Earl & Countess of Ranfurly (he was the former Governor of the Bahamas), Sir George & Lady Harvie-Watt, Mr. & Mrs. Graham Bailey, the Agent-General for Ontario & Mrs. Armstrong, Lord & Lady Barnby, Bettie Lady Monson, making her first appearance among friends since the sudden death of her husband (from heart failure), Mr. & Mrs. Everard Gates, and the Hon. Langton & Mrs. Iliffe and their charming débutante niece Miss Margaret Iliffe, for whom Mrs. Iliffe is giving a coming-out dance in the autumn.

Margaret is a god-daughter of Lady Mitchell and has been spending the winter with her and Sir Harold in Bermuda and Jamaica. She visited New York with them on their way over here. She is not only attractive, but also an interesting and much-travelled young girl, having been taken on a world tour by Lord Iliffe the previous winter. Others included Mrs. Donald McKinney on a short visit from Nassau, Sir Alfred Bosson, Mrs. Beatrice Moresby, Lord & Lady Trefgarne who have a home in the Bahamas, and the Rt. Hon. Hugh Molson, the Minister of Works.

The same evening Mrs. Farrant Gillham

gave a cocktail party for her débutante daughter Miss Pauline Gillham, who looked charming in a dress of dark blue poulx. Well over 100 young guests were present. Many of these were in evening dress on their way to Lady Eden's dance for her débutante daughter Elfrida, or to the Red Hat Ball. Mrs. & Mr. Gillham (he is the new Commodore of the Royal London Yacht Club) have a delightful flat in Cheyne Walk where the party took place. Their elder daughter Ann, who came out two years ago, was at the party and young friends present included Miss Jennifer Burness, Mr. John Adams, Miss Diana Wood, Lord Dundas, son of the Earl of Ronaldshay, Miss Sally O'Rourke, Mr. Jeremy Bradford, Miss Margaret MacKay and Mr. George Courtauld.

For Scots Débutantes

Countess Haig is chairman of the "Presentation Day" Ball to be held in the Assembly Rooms, Edinburgh, on 3 July in aid of National Funds for the British Legion of Scotland. This ball will be attended by many of the débutantes who are to be presented to the Queen that afternoon at Holyrood Palace, and a number of old Scottish families are bringing parties. Tickets for the ball may be had from Capt. Douglas Morton, British Legion Scotland, 23 Drumsheugh Gardens, Edinburgh 3.



INSPECTION The Marquess of Blandford, a former captain in the Life Guards, inspected the Household Cavalry (the Blues) in Hyde Park, during preliminary judging for the Richmond Horse Show



Miss Davina Griffiths, daughter of Mrs. Denis Griffiths, had a coming-out dance at her home, Orlingbury Hall, near Kettering. Above: Miss Griffiths, dancing with Mr. C. Edwards



PROMOTION Miss Millicent Harding, who is to take charge of a West End clearing bank branch, will be the first woman bank manager in Britain. Miss Harding, who is 42, comes from Shiplake, Oxfordshire



NEWS PORTRAITS



FLORIST The centrepiece at a Lancaster House reception to welcome home Sir Vivian Fuchs was a map of Antarctica in flowers. The map was arranged by a Sloane Street firm, started six months ago by Lady Pulbrook, the widow of Sir Eustace Pulbrook, former chairman of Lloyd's. Lady Pulbrook also arranged the flowers for the reception for the Italian President last month.



Tom Blau



J. Stephens Orr

CANDIDATE The Duke of Montrose is standing for Parliament in the General Election in Southern Rhodesia, where he lives. If he is successful, he will be a member of two parliaments—for, of course, he is entitled to sit in the House of Lords at Westminster. The duke, who is 6 ft. 5 ins., does not use his title, which he inherited in 1954. He prefers to be known as the Marquis of Graham, the courtesy title he held before he succeeded to the dukedom. He is a member of the right-wing Dominion party.

PLAYWRIGHT Wolf Mankowitz (*left*), who has a growing reputation as a versatile writer, now has two plays running in the West End. His latest is *The Party* with Charles Laughton, and the other is a musical, *Expresso Bongo*, with Paul Scofield.

summer number

Resortmanship

A sinister scheme for keeping people away from rival seaside places—hatched by Claud Cockburn

IN the lounge of an ancient-and-modern type seaside hotel (martinis under Elizabethan beams and TV in the inglenook), I was recently surprised to hear myself getting off a line of talk which, now I think it over, may be the start of quite a trend in tourism and the holiday spirit.

I had never been to this place Fluttercove before, and I was only staying a week, but my sense of local patriotism is so strong it burgeons in a couple of days. If I spend a fortnight in Yorkshire I come away walking with the long, easy stride of the Dalesman, and pitying Lancastrians.

Now I stood four-square for dear old Fluttercove.

A party of motorists had dropped in for a drink. They had guidebooks and, from the questions they asked, could be assumed to be considering taking their summer holidays in the neighbourhood, this year or next.

They looked out of the mullioned windows at Fluttercove and said they liked it very much, and wasn't Muttercove, farther along the coast, a nice place, too? They had been told so.

"Muttercove?" I heard myself exclaim enthusiastically. "Lovely little spot. Really nice views. And if you take just that little bit of extra care, there's nothing really dangerous about the bathing."

I was saying some more about the nice view, but an anxious member of the motoring party interrupted to ask: "Did you say the bathing there is *dangerous*?"

I put on the expression of a man who is unsuccessfully pretending to be polite about somebody else's vicious horse.

"Not really what you'd call dangerous, actually," I said. "Not if you're a reasonably strong swimmer and don't take any chances."

I saw them mentally crossing Muttercove off their list of possible resorts. Then one of them said they had heard Buttercombe, up on the moors, well spoken of.

"Ah now!" I cried, warming to it, "Buttercombe's really something! Great! Pick the odd fine day and you can see for miles—heather in all directions. Lots of people really like the steady rain up there—they say that heavy soaking, day in, day out, brings out the smell of the heather."

By this time it was clear that if those people ever did decide to take their holidays in these parts they would take them here, in cosy Fluttercove, just possibly darting out with lifebelts and collapsible dinghies for a half-day at dangerous Muttercove, or with sou'westers and oilskins to deluged Buttercombe.

Subconsciously, I can see now, I was working on the principle that, in pushing the tourist traffic about, "Come here, you'll love it" may not always and for ever be enough.

Later, having become pleased with my own technique, I asked a Father of Four: "You've finally set your heart on Cuttercombe for the summer, have you?" "Well, more or less." "In that case," I said, "if it's all fixed, I won't say what I was going to say."

I see this as being possibly part of a trend, because sooner or later a lot of hotel-keepers and town councils and publicity committees are going to weary of dreaming up taller and taller stories about the practically celestial wonders and amenities of their particular caravanserai or resort.

What we need now is a little bit of repulsion, and that is what go-ahead tourist-catchers with a little bit of psychology under their hats are going to use.

Already forward-looking boys in back rooms are planning the strategy of a



campaign to send holidaymakers in their hordes to X, Y, and Z by a more or less subtle process of putting them off A, B, and C.

Letters to local newspapers can make a useful start. (Remember, we must be gentlemanly. We must make our slanders look like a pat on the back.)

Sir: I used to wonder why so large a proportion of the "tourist dollars" and of our own currency too, was expended in such resorts as B, rather than our own beautiful Y or Z.

Since visiting B last summer, I no longer wonder. By sheer civic enterprise and a really up-to-date understanding of the value of advertising, the B. Chamber of Commerce has overcome in the most admirable fashion obstacles which I am afraid would appal some of our own citizens.

Their efforts have produced a holiday "atmosphere" in which only the most captious visitor would complain of the lack of so many of those

comforts and amenities to which he is accustomed at home.

"When the sun shines in B, only the fool smells drains" is an apt and characteristic local saying.

Are we not, in resorts such as our own Y, apt to attach too much importance to such matters as the purity of the water supply, the cleanliness of our beaches, etc?

Alternatively, if the place is too well-known for its high standard of hygienic comfort to be safely smeared on this score, we imply that only millionaires can afford to enjoy themselves there.

"If you are feeling in carefree, reckless mood," says a little brochure which we of the Smear Agency are getting out, "do not miss an hour or two at lovely C, where you can see the big banknotes fluttering like confetti." It goes on:

Even in spendthrift mood you may find entrance to the Casino, or residence at any but one of the two smaller hotels, both delightfully old-fashioned and far removed from the noise and glitter of the seafront, an undue strain on your travel allowance.

You will, however, have the pleasure of being able to tell your friends of watching the numerous celebrities of "The International Set" enjoying themselves, albeit at a distance.

In times gone by there was no need for a Smear Agency—at least so far as "abroad" was concerned. English people *knew* instinctively that it was a place given up to banditry, typhoid fever, sunstroke, and revolutionary violence. Even those tempted to go there because they supposed it given up to vice and orgies, too, were often put off by the language difficulty. They were afraid they would not be able to ask their way to the Town Orgy.

But remember that, though times have changed, certain basic human phobias remain.

On these weaknesses, it will be our business to play, producing—we hope—a state of panic aversion to A, B, and C.

Bearing in mind that 99 per cent of people are, despite their denials and claims to sophistication, nauseated by strange food, we give colourful and unstinted praise to the "snail stews, frogs fricassé and octopus-in-aspic for which the region is famous." Thus we leave on the reader's quivering subconscious the impression that if he does not care for snails, frogs and octopus he will get nothing to eat at all.

It is highly desirable, too, to imply that anyone who has not spent at least two years in intensive study of the language, is going to be derided and robbed at every turn.

With this in view, the Smear Agency proposes to make a small extra profit by running its own language courses, well-advertised with cautionary tales suggesting pitfalls.

And, goodness!—wasn't John glad he had taken the Smear Two-Year Master Course when they arrested him for refusing to pay four times the price stated on the menu. Because he could explain himself fluently, he was out of jail in a week, and in good time to catch a plane home before his holiday ended.

We hope in time to polish up the language course to the point where people will be afraid to go to Scotland or Somerset without half a dozen expensive lessons in local dialects. We are going to make people feel that the man who can't say "Hech" or "Zzm" properly, will have little chance of happiness in those areas.

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and usually achieves considerable skill within a week. Frequently, he only needs further experience before "going solo."

Gliding is a sport in which women can take part on equal terms. The non-flying captain of the British team that is going to Poland this month is a woman—Mrs. Ann Welch, a 40-year-old mother of three. She instructs at Lasham. Many women act as crew for their husbands, as I have often done. Gliding, like yachting, is a family sport.

Of course owing to the need for launching and landing facilities, gliding activity centres on the clubs. There are 32 of these belonging to the British Gliding Association and it is usually possible to train an individual from scratch to solo standard at one of them for about £25, including a year's flying subscription to the club. Training is done in side-by-side or tandem two-seaters with a qualified instructor in charge. The member pays for each launching (about 3s. to 4s. 6d. by car, with or catapult and 15s. if towed by Tiger Moth to 2,000 ft.), and there is a hiring charge for the glider of between 12s. to £1 an hour. Most clubs charge an entrance fee of between two and six guineas, in addition to which there is the annual subscription (four to six guineas) covering the use of the club's flying and social amenities. Most of the larger clubs have a bar and provide meals. There is also accommodation in bunkhouse style at about 4s. a night.

What about the gliders? Naturally it is not necessary to buy one of your own. The BGA clubs operate about 170, including both training and high-performance machines, and it is possible by arrangement with the Chief Flying Instructor at the club to fly these machines cross-country. The purchase price of gliders varies substantially. A second-hand high-performance sailplane of immediate postwar vintage together with trailer (for moving it by road) and instruments is currently about £600. A new high-performance single-seater incorporating the advances of the last decade, less trailer and instruments, is about £1,000, and a new two-seater anything from £1,500 to £2,000.

Many people find that the most satisfactory way of owning their own glider is to form a syndicate of several partners. The capital and the running costs can then be shared between them. Yearly outgoings may include an insurance premium of 8-10 per cent and an annual Certificate of Airworthiness overhaul, which runs to about £30 to £50.

How do gliders fly at all? Briefly there are three methods of free flight used in this country. Firstly, ridge-soaring, where the pilot soars along a windward-facing ridge that has a suitably steep escarpment. Secondly, thermal-soaring, where he utilizes uprising currents of warm air generated by such sources as sunlight, woods, ploughed fields, factory chimneys, railway junctions and the like. Thirdly, by wave-flying.

Cdr. Nick Goodhart in Skylark 3. (above) is No. 1 seeded pilot in the World Championships this month



Right: Hedgerows float past silently below as the glider lifts its pilot on a column of warm air

Waves are found in the lee of hills and in this country there is still a lot to be learnt about this source of lift.

A pilot after flying solo and fulfilling certain minimal manoeuvres in the air has to pass a short verbal test on the ground before qualifying for his "C" Certificate. There are now 25,000 people who have been issued with "C"s by the British Gliding Association.

Unfortunately some of the major gliding clubs are uncertain about the future of their bases, and this means that they are unwilling

and unable to devote time and money to improving clubhouse facilities and accommodation, as they undoubtedly would if they had reasonable security of tenure. Another problem is the ever-growing size and complexity of the airways system used by civil aircraft, which leads to increasing restrictions on glider movements.

Despite these difficulties the popularity of gliding is steadily growing, and in the last seven years the number of active flying members in the clubs has nearly trebled.



Gliding is a family affair. Mrs. Deane-Drummond, watched by her daughter Celia, paints a number on the wing of her husband's Skylark 3. He is Lieut-Col. A. J. Deane-Drummond, of the Army Gliding Club, the British champion

summer number

For a luxury holiday there's no place like Caracas, Venezuela—in the news lately for the upsets during Vice-President Nixon's visit. Apart from fares (£395 return by air, up to £1,440 by sea) your hotel bill may top £70 a week in the city they call . . .

The world's dearest capital

by ANNE BOLT

THE cable-car swayed gently as we were drawn up the mountain. Before us stretched fabulous Caracas, the capital of Venezuela. Spread below us it seemed like a model for some stupendous exhibition. To the west were the skyscrapers of the city section, dominated by the 30-storey Centro Simón Bolívar, which cost three times as much as New York's Rockefeller Center. Nearby, in contrast, were the few remaining streets of old Caracas, dear little one- and two-storey Hansel & Gretel houses, painted in sugar-almond colours. From the Centro Bolívar, the great Avenida runs, a dual carriageway with six lanes of traffic. I could just see the huge clover leaf that joins it to the Eastern Parkway, main artery to the miles of wealthy suburbs.

As the cable-car climbed higher I could pick out the huge Edificio Galipan, which spreads like a starfish from a central block and contains 500 apartments. The Galipan is white, but many of the other residential skyscrapers are painted gay colours; at a distance I could see the 60 ft.-high mosaic murals on some of them, with bright, strong colours reminiscent of Roualt and Portinari.

The setting sun gleamed on the 18-storey Edificio Polar, which is just a steel frame covered on all four sides with aluminium plates and glass panes. Until they put in Venetian blinds throughout the building, the inhabitants of the offices used to pant like goldfish in waterless bowls. In the Plaza Venezuela the sun flashed on the fountains dancing 50 feet into the air.

Still we ascended. We had timed the

journey perfectly (the two-mile ride takes eight minutes) and as we got out of the aerial car at the top of Mount Avila, the lights went on all over the city, 7,000 ft. below us.

On the other side of the Caracas Valley we could see the Avenida Guzmán Blanco, so far in the distance that the floodlights on the mountain road looked like tiny fairy lights festooned at a party. The 400-room Hotel Tamanaco seemed like a ship at sea, with brightly lit terraces ascending in steps to the roof garden, the city skyscrapers glowed . . . it was just too beautiful, so we turned into the Hotel Humboldt and the men drank whisky and soda.

There seems to be no national drink in Venezuela, unless you count rum. The Italian and Spanish immigrants can slake their thirst with imported wine. The Americans who swelter in the oilfields, and work at the iron mines, join their friends in big-city business over a rye. Around us in the café we could hear Portuguese and French, for Venezuela is a boom country. The bill for three whiskies was £1 2s. 6d. The Dutchman laughed: "You can get anything in Caracas—for money." The Englishman said, "There are only four cheap things in Venezuela, buses, bananas, gasoline at 1s. 9d. a gallon and the dollar."

The Venezuelan bolívar is so hard it makes even the Canadian dollar look like a half-melted ice-cream.

Current Caracas joke: "What is the difference between a rich Caraqueno and a poor one?" "A poor Caraqueno cleans his own Cadillac."

INTERNATIONAL ARCHITECTURE: Caracas is a city of modern architecture (left), though a few districts still bear the stamp of early Spanish influence. Top: the 30-storey Centro Simón Bolívar has an underground car park, below which is a bus station. Centre: The University Library is a scarlet steel building without windows. It is air-conditioned. Bottom: A suburban house juts over a steep slope





LOCAL CUSTOMS: The national sport, exclusive to Venezuela, is called "Toros Coleados." Bulls are chased and thrown to the ground by the tail. Right: A national dance, the joropo, in traditional costume



splendid evening of choice lay before us. "Retablo de Maravillas," State-subsidized dance company famous throughout South America, was that night to perform in the Plaza Altamira. But the American had been sweating on the new Guarico Dam, 100 miles in the interior. He had money in his pockets. "We can't go there," he said. "It's free."

So we went down to the city of a million lights and did a tour of the night spots. But there was Toni's, with a sleek international air and a smooth *clientèle*. The round here cost £3 2s. 6d. and the Dutchman badly wanted to stay and see, just for fun, how much we could spend on dinner. Instead we went to eat at the Bull Fighters Restaurant, where the walls are decorated with matadors' caps and black lace fans. It is in the small back streets of the old town, behind the Pantheon, where rests the body of the great Bolivar who freed Bolivia, Colombia and his native Venezuela, and inspired a continent to shake off the Spanish yoke.

The Venezuelan asked if I would like to drive, but even after four months in the country, I could not face driving in Caracas, the town where you get a ticket for driving too slowly! In the centre traffic lanes you must drive at least 60 kilometres an hour. We swung off in the Jaguar, the make most favoured by the young bloods of Caracas, and as we passed the Teatro Municipal I noticed that a French company was playing *Phedre*—it is always *Phedre* isn't it? Cinema lights beckoned us on either side. We turned up the Avenida to the Plaza de Toros, but there was no bull-fighting that evening. The ring had been flooded and frozen and Sonja Henie had been drawing the town for some weeks.

The Dutchman suggested going to the Theatre Club. It is set delightfully on a small hill; there is a bar, a restaurant and a

swimming pool. In Venezuela you usually take as well as faith a couple of dozen bulldozers and 10 graders to remove mountains. The tiny mountain on which the Theatre Club is built was flattened in a matter of days. But we did not go there in the end. An Anglo-American Amateur Dramatic Company was giving an excellent performance of *Quiet Wedding*—it's always *Quiet Wedding*, isn't it?

We went, instead, to join some friends at the Valle Arriba Golf Club where they were having a fiesta. Three little pigs were being roasted in the open air. It was nearly midnight but at six degrees from the equator Caracas is never cold; and being 3,000 ft. above sea level it is never too hot. Like a story-book city, Caracas lies in a valley of eternal spring.

At the fiesta the inevitably ravishing Venezuelan beauties were swinging in a *joropo* (the national dance), many of them in national costume, white-starched blouses and brightly embroidered skirts. Venezuela must be one of the few places where the men also have, and still wear, national costume. The "Lique-lique" is a glamorous white drill suit with a high stand-up collar, rather like the British Navy's Number Tens, and with it is worn the big black felt hat.

The English accountant explained to me the economics of club life in Venezuela. Whether it is the Golf Club, the Theatre Club, or the Country Club, to belong you must buy a share. The cost of it varies from £1,000 to £5,000, according to the waiting list. On top of this, of course, you have to pay your annual dues, which can be £90 a year plus a further £180 to be set against restaurant and bar checks. When you go to

Europe on holiday, it is customary to hire out your share for perhaps £30 a month; and you buy and sell, gambling in club shares sometimes just for fun.

The Venezuelans asked me to go out to their sports club the following Saturday. Football is the prevailing passion, closely followed by bull-fighting, but I was invited to see "Toros Coleados," a sport only to be seen in Venezuela. The young blades of the town gallop at full speed down a 1,000 ft.-long runway; one of them seizes the bull by the tail and with the speed of his gallop and a mighty tug, tosses the bull to the ground. It is tough and dangerous—either you throw the bull by his tail or you go down on yours.

We finished our evening at "Mi Vaca y Yo." The dance floor was packed. There were two bands. Jewels from Cartier gleamed in the bright lights, for Cartier, Dior and Balmain have thriving branches in Caracas. I know that *Mi Vaca y Yo* means "My Cow and I," but I was startled during a dreamy waltz to feel a gentle bump. Nobody had warned me that several times during the evening the cow leaves her dinner on the balcony and wanders quietly by herself through the ballroom.



SPANISH COLOUR.—In the old part of the town Spanish-style houses with typical grills can be seen. These are in the Square of La Pastore



Two narrow boats at a lock on the Grand Union Canal at Braunston. The boats, which belong to the Inland Waterway Cruising Company, carry 12 passengers in single and double cabins

summer number

By narrow boat to adventure

There is not much left to explore in Britain, but
the old waterways are full of novelty

by PERCY BLANDFORD

A GREAT rediscovery of Britain's inland waterways is now under way. Such waterways as the Norfolk and Suffolk Broads and the River Thames have, of course, long been popular, but it is only now that people are realizing that the long-neglected network of canals and rivers offers scope for a boating holiday different from any other holiday possible in this tightly-packed island. The country is criss-crossed with canals linking rivers so that journeys from the Thames to Yorkshire and from the Severn to the Wash are possible. Tranquillity is combined with a sense of discovery and adventure.

Most of the canals were dug at least a century ago, their sponsors hoping to make money by carrying loads too heavy for the roads of those days. Unfortunately the railways came and took their trade before they had become established; so except for a few trunk canals they were never good business propositions. But, though no longer used for trade, many of the lesser canals are still navigable, and the man with his family self-contained on a boat can go for days at a time without seeing another boat, and rarely seeing people.

The traditional canal boat is called a

"narrow boat" and you must never call the professional boatman a "bargee." These boats, designed to fit the locks common on most canals, are about 60 ft. long and just under 7 ft. wide. They usually travel in pairs, with the powered "monkey boat" towing a "butty." The tiny cabins on the two boats provide the home for the boatman and his family. A few boats are still horse-drawn.

Over the years a few people looking for unusual holidays and even homes have

converted narrow boats by enclosing the cargo space to make mobile houseboats. Now many enterprising hirers are offering these boats, well equipped and attractive, for parties wishing to explore the inland waterways. Besides these converted craft there are specially-built cruisers available from some yards. Because of the 7 ft. limit of beam, the average general-purpose cruiser available elsewhere is too wide if it is more than about 20 ft. long.

One of the attractions of this type of holiday is that anyone can take over a boat with confidence, even if they would hesitate to handle a boat in the more popular centres. Steering and engine controls are simple. The bank is never far away, and the water is not often deep. There is ever-changing scenery to watch as the canal follows its tortuous route through the fields. The canal winds because its builders followed contours for as long as possible, so as to keep the number of locks to a minimum.

Locks ensure that your trip does not become monotonous. As you approach a lock a couple of your crew jump ashore, carrying "windlasses" (the crank handles which work the sluices, generally called "paddles") and prepare the lock for you. When the water inside is the same level, they open the gates and you go in. The gates are shut and they alter the water level up or down to that of the next "pound" and the gate is opened for you to go out. In the 15 minutes or so that this takes, children can get ashore, release surplus energy, help to get the boat through, and feel that they are having the best holiday of their lives.

Boats are equipped with comfortable bunks and efficient galleys. Providing you keep your gaily painted watercans filled every time you get an opportunity, and stock up with food at village stores, you can be completely independent, mooring for the night wherever you fancy. You will be able to call at almost-forgotten inns and talk with men who knew the canal in its heyday. Perhaps most important you can forget traffic problems and the bustle of modern life.

Most of the canals are controlled by British Waterways (of 163 Euston Road, London, N.W.1), who publish some excellent books (price 2s.) dealing thoroughly with waterways of particular interest to those looking for canal holidays. The first five are in print and there are more to follow. Each book has plenty of photographs, detailed itineraries, lists of boat-hirers and just about everything you need to know, including location of letter-boxes, inns, drinking-water supplies, and how to work locks. No. 1 deals with the Llangollen Canal, which is claimed by many to be the most beautiful waterway in Britain.

For those who prefer not to be responsible for their own boat, British Waterways and some hirers run boats carrying passengers and either providing accommodation on board or arranging for overnight stops within reach of hotels. These craft run over routes offering some of the finest scenery, and where there are places of interest to visit.

Inside the cosy cabin of a converted narrow boat





Mr. George Brown, a former English champion, with Mrs. R. Frith, leader of the English women's international team, and Col. C. J. Sheppard



Miss Patricia Flower, the national champion, and Mrs. Joan Lyne, competitor

Mr. J. Blair and Count Mildmay Stayner, the artist, who acted as Field Captain for the day



THE SOUTHERN COUNTIES ARCHERY SOCIETY held its annual championship meeting at Winchester, which was attended by some of the best toxophilists in the country. Above: Miss Susan Hutson, a member of the Avon Valley Archers

ARCHERY *at Winchester*



Left to right: Mrs. J. Ritchie (the Royal Toxophily Society), Mrs. W. E. Smith (the Reading Archers), Mrs. T. Fowler (Chichester Archers), Miss V. Wooller (Richmond Archers), and Mrs. C. J. Thompson (Swanton Archers)

Van Hallen

PRISCILLA IN PARIS

Salvador Dali and the cauliflower

THE moment is serious for this dear and lovely land, but France has come safely through too many difficult situations for her people to worry unduly. I forget what American patriot is said to have declared: "My country right or wrong," but Marianne also has a way of setting her Phrygian cap firmly on her curls and saying: "My country wrong or right." Then she goes down in the street, bangs a few deputies on the nose and sings the "Marseillaise" on the steps of the Assemblée Nationale. Suddenly, in the nick of time, the right man—or woman—steps forward in the right place and the clouds lift. This may be wishful writing. May the *manes* of Joan of Arc, Clemenceau and Poincaré hear me!

Meanwhile, the mixture as before. We have had our first nights, varnishing days, cocktail parties, floodlit monuments, concerts, charity sales, weddings and other what-nots as usual. We have even had Salvador Dali—under the ægis of the Paul Valéry Club and presented by Serge Lifar—lecturing at the Théâtre de l'Etoile. He informed us that he did not wish to be taken for a "common or garden mortal." We certainly do not believe that he is common—Heaven forbid that there should be any others—but "garden" surely explains his anxious preoccupation with the humble (but succulent if properly cooked) cauliflower. In his own words Señor Dali stated: "I will now make a momentous declaration. It concerns the diameter of the cauliflower. In England that diameter is increasing!" The ambassadors of Chile, Cuba and Japan, who were present, seemed a little hurt on hearing that the British cauliflower is stealing a march on them. We hope that Señor Dali is not an *agitateur*.

It is as well, perhaps, that the Spanish ambassador was absent from this festival of noble and profound thought; I trust that no one will tell him that the lecturer speaks of the Alhambra at Granada as being: "exactly like negative gooseflesh" and "of

the same structure as tripe à la mode de Caen." The lecture started at nine o'clock and finished, I am told, before ten but, accompanied by friends also unaccustomed to deep thoughts, I had slipped away even earlier. I had the urgent feeling that, at any moment, white clad attendants might appear in force and convey us all back to the looney-bin.

The loan collection of some forty paintings by Terechkovitch at the Petrides gallery in the rue de la Boétie is enchanting. There is light and warmth in this Russian-born artist's colourful Burgundian landscapes. The portraits of his charming French wife and children are adorable in their naive simplicity and his love for his adopted country is fondly expressed by the pictures of life in Paris; the *terrasses* of the cafés, the race scenes, the flower stalls and barrows... Terechkovitch was a great admirer of Utrillo and Rousseau, whose influence can be seen in his interpretation of those prim little weekend country houses so dear to the tranquil *petit bourgeois* whose home-grown salads are his pride and delight.

Writing of salad makes me think of the "dressing" it needs and reminds me that, as the crisis broke, a few foolish housewives panicked and trotted off to the grocery stores with large baskets they were determined to fill. It was the old story of the greedy people who, terrified of running short, are glad of the slightest pretext to "take-two-when-one-would-do"! My obliging *conciierge* who markets for me while Josephine is away tells me the lovely story of the shopkeeper who angrily refused to double the order of an old gentleman. "What did he want?" I asked. "Two packets of toothpicks instead of one!"

My faithful Josephine is on holiday. I am rather glad, although I miss her extremely. She would have enjoyed fussing and probably would have filled the kitchen store cupboard with dry goods and preserves. We would have been obliged to live on macaroni and spaghetti with tinned tomato sauce through-

out the summer. So unsuitable for warm weather (if we have any). Old servants are wonderful and Josephine is a pet but she certainly bosses the show!

Princess Ghyslaine of Monaco, who was married to Prince Rainier's grandpapa Louis II, has returned to the stage. She is appearing at the Théâtre Michel and the theatrical world turned out *en masse* for the first night to see whether a Serene Highness wears as well as a trouper. The answer to that is: fifty-fifty! Born at Reims and educated at a Belgian convent, Mlle. Ghyslaine defied her family's wishes, ran away to Paris and started a stage career somewhere around the early twenties. She played all the usual small parts in the usual way—the hard way—of beginners but she was unusually gifted and very, very lovely. Gemier, the famous actor-manager and producer of those days, engaged her for the second State theatre, l'Odeon, where she remained several years, playing leading rôles in classical as well as modern repertory. The last time she appeared on the stage in Paris was in 1933.

Her marriage to Prince Louis took place just before the war; he died in 1949. Hence the answer: fifty-fifty! Ten years a trouper and ten years a S.H., but always one of the loveliest women one could wish to see. She no longer, of course, has the very fair, blue-grey eyed, rather fragile beauty of extreme youth, but she was greeted with a flattering and very convincing murmur of admiration when she appeared at the Théâtre Michel the other evening. I am forgetting to mention the play. This evens up with those entertainments when one forgets to name the actors. *Madame Avril*—for such is the title—is one of those pleasing little comedies in which one finds the suspense of the thriller and the placidly amusing chit-chat of the drawing-room. A mixture of *Raffles* and *Our Betters*; a mixture of somewhat ancient vintage I admit, but restful to sit through before meeting one's out-of-town visitors at the Mozambo.

Antoine Martini is opening a new music hall at the Place du Tertre, midway up Montmartre. Two different shows are to be presented there. Blandly M. Martini declares that the winter show is intended, mainly, for French patrons; the summer one will be for the foreign and provincial *clientèle*. One wonders whether M. Martini is an optimist or a pessimist.



BRIGGS



by Graham



The Hampshire branch of the British Red Cross Society held a ball at Weeke, near Winchester. Above: Prince Yourka Gailitzine with Lady Bowden, wife of Sir Harold, the industrialist



Dancing to music from Tommy Kinsman's band took place in a marquee on the lawn. Above: Dorothy, Countess of Malmesbury, chairman of the ball, with Captain A. K. MacEwan



Lady Chesham with Commander J. Phillips

Mr. & the Hon. Mrs. Michael Pakenham. She is the daughter of Viscount Leverhulme and was on the ball committee

Mrs. Henry Wilkin, Lady Smiley and Mrs. H. K. Andreae ran a bottle stall. Mrs. Andreae is the wife of a well-known yachtsman



Desmond O'Neill

IN A GOOD CAUSE—1

For the Red Cross

IN A GOOD CAUSE—2

For Rural England



The England Ball, in aid of the Council for the Preservation of Rural England, was held at Grosvenor House. Above: Mrs. N. Beaumont, Mr. A. D. Tennant and Mrs. M. P. Wyndham



Mrs. C. P. Russell, a member of the ball committee, with Sir Frank Sanderson, Bt. He is a member of Lloyd's

The Hon. Susan Wood and Lady Anne Fitzalan-Howard sold programmes

The Hon. Susan Remnant, daughter of Lord Remnant, with Mr. Edmund Fane

The Hon. Susan Scott-Ellis, daughter of Lord Howard de Walden, and Mr. David Buchan





THE TATLER
& Bystander
4 June 1958
520

Mrs. Ronald Bowes-Lyon
and Miss Anne Gyrsting,
who is a model



The Hon. John & Mrs. Coventry on the
terrace of the Westminster. For a fuller
account of who was there, see p. 506



M. & Mme. P. Abecassis. With M. Andre,
M. Abecassis runs the Casino and other
entertainments at Le Touquet



Mrs. Edward Baring, Mr. Gerald Williams, the former M.P.
for Tonbridge, Major Edward Baring and Mrs. Gerald Williams



Col. Ian Anderson, Mrs. Lawrence Seccombe
and Mrs. A. Bick. They came over from Surrey

Mr. & Mrs. M. Collins, of Regent's Park,
outside the Club de la Forêt. They have
just returned from South America

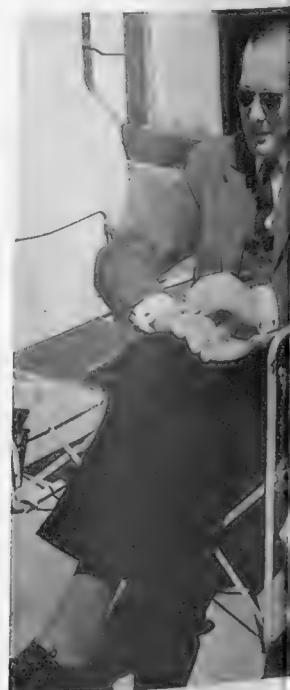
mond O'Neill



Mr. & Mrs. S. L. Kaphan, from London, on the
terrace of the Westminster Hotel. He is a
company director



Mr. Stanley Chatwin,
daughter of Sir
also the





THE
TATLER

flies to Le Touquet

LETOUQUET (above right) is seen through the window of one of the many aircraft that carried British visitors to this popular resort at Whitsun. Despite the French political crisis the hotels were busy, though there were fewer French visitors than usual. Below right: Music on the pavement outside the Club de la Forêt, a popular meeting-place for cocktails. M. Flavio, the club proprietor (standing) talks to British visitors, including (nearest to him) Mr. & Mrs. D. Glover. Mr. Glover is head of United Lubricants



ey with Miss Meribah Baxter,
Beverly Baxter—who was
re with Lady Baxter



THEATRE

Chekhov with a Stakhanovite touch

by ANTHONY COOKMAN

WHEN the Berlin Ensemble visited London two years ago they showed us acting which had the smooth precision of a carefully edited film. We were suitably impressed, telling each other that the large claims made for Bertolt Brecht as a producer had been only a little exaggerated. Now come the company of the Moscow Art Theatre also to demonstrate what extraordinary results can be achieved by gifted actors who have had the chance to work together as a permanent group. This time we are really impressed.

Our visitors at Sadler's Wells show us acting which has not only the smooth, slightly remote, film-like precision of the Berlin Ensemble but moves in depth, suggesting that what we see happening on the stage is a piece of real life that is happening for the first time. What strikes us all of a heap is that acting of clockwork precision should possess such instancy and freshness. The company had rehearsed their new production of *The Cherry Orchard* for six months; yet not the tiniest gesture used appears mechanical. There is no stiffness of movement to imply that the inevitable penalty of long and rigorous discipline is staleness. The happiness of Madame

Ranevsky's return from Paris, when everyone is assembled to greet her, and a dozen voices, mingled and controlled, echo her happiness—it is a happiness as spontaneous as though no shadow of distraction could ever fall on the magnificent cherry orchard in bloom outside the nursery window.

They are all much too merrily absorbed in domestic fun to give the hard-headed Lopakhin a hearing when he suggests that if the creditors are to be satisfied the estate must be either developed or sold. So it is at every stage of the comedy. As happiness passes into uneasiness, uneasiness into incredulous realization that the serf's son has bought the estate on which his father would not have been allowed in the kitchen, and misery lifts to make way for the sentimental ecstasy of saying goodbye to the old, lost place, we get a group of performances so fused in imagination that they are, to all intents and purposes, one performance.

Whatever the producer, M. Victor Stanitsyn, sets the actors to do, they do in a way which leaves criticism with few, if any, reservations to make. But I cannot believe that the producer in trying to show that Tchekov had a prophetic awareness of coming events in Russia is fair to a dramatist

who took life as he found it, found it something to weep over and laugh at almost with the same breath, and wept over and laughed at even the hopes and aspirations which may have been his own. He was not the weeping pessimist that some of our own interpretations have made him out to be, nor was he the confident, forward-looking optimist that M. Stanitsyn's production represents him to be; he was an objective artist concerned only with ideas in so far as they served his comic or tragic stage purpose.

To serve romantic and also patriotic ends M. Stanitsyn cleans up the scruffy figure of Trofimov into quite a personable lover for Anya. They are the younger generation looking confidently forward to making all Russia their cherry orchard in the wonderful time that is coming. There is no great harm in thus slanting the comedy. The only objection is that it tends to blunt the fun that Tchekov is always poking at the solemn young man. He will not let the perpetual student fling himself out of the room in a burst of noble rage without arranging for him to fall ignominiously downstairs, and when he permits him to salute the dawn of new life he sees to it that he shall at the same time be in a terrible fluster about a pair of mislaid goloshes. And I am not convinced that the matter-of-fact Madame Ranevsky of this production is as true to the comedy as the feckless, agonizing lady we are accustomed to see on the English stage.

However, the impression of sanity and of firm faith in the future that M. Stanitsyn seeks to convey is brilliantly made good by his actors, and these same actors are no less brilliant, no less satisfying, in M. Yosif Rayevski's lovely production of *The Three Sisters*. Again we get the impression of all the performances being one performance, with M. Alexis Gribov superbly in the centre as the old doctor whose amiability appears to spring from his complete lack of any feelings at all, until the act of remembering his dead love produces a sudden and unforgettable revelation of human feeling. It is usually a white fib to assert that good acting penetrates the language barrier; but this is the simple truth for once. If you have read the play these Russian actors will show you how it should be acted.

A country life has seldom aroused more divine discontent than in *The Three Sisters*. Left: Kulygin, the father of the family (Vassily Orlov), with two of his daughters, Olga (Kira Ivanova), and Masha (Margarita Yurieva). The girls' ambition is to reach the bright lights of St. Petersburg, and they look on every visitor as a means to help them escape bucolic boredom



Vershinin (Pave Massalsky), the temperamental idealist of *The Three Sisters*, and Irina (Rayissa Maximova), who is disappointed in life and love





THE CATHOLIC STAGE GUILD held a dinner and dance at the Dorchester Hotel in aid of the Crusade of Rescue and the Southwark Rescue Society. Above: the Eireann Ambassador and his wife, Mrs. McCann, who were patrons of the ball, with Sir Charles Russell, Lady Russell, chairman of the ladies' committee, and Mr. George Baker, chairman of the organizing committee

The Catholic Stage Guild's Ball



Miss Olive Groves, the singer (she is the wife of Mr. George Baker) with Mr. Richard Butler



Miss Frances Rowe, the actress (she was in both the play and the film of J. B. Priestley's *They Came To A City*), with Mr. Jack Triggs

Miss Myrtle Stewart with Mr. Cyril Russell, a cousin of Sir Charles Russell. Miss Stewart runs the Hurlingham Club's amateur dramatics

Mr. Christopher Tichnor-Edwards, who is with a textile firm in London, and Miss Caroline Campbell, a débutante

Mrs. Anthony Garton, a member of the ladies' committee, with her husband



SMALL-TOWN AMERICA

Family break-ups are the theme of two new films. Left: Anthony Quinn and Shirley Booth in *Hot Spell*, set in a Southern town. Right: Suzy Parker and Gary Cooper in *Ten North Frederick*, based on John O'Hara's novel



CINEMA

by ELSPETH GRANT

So pure and so dull —THE CENSOR'S OWN FILM!

MR. ARTHUR WATKYN used to hold the unenviable position of Film Censor and, if one can rely on the whisperings in the bazaars, he was something of a headache to those members of the British film industry whose growing predilection for violence, sex, vice and horror for horror's sake, he apparently felt it his duty to curb. It was a source of disgruntlement to these gentlemen that though Mr. Watkyn would pass for exhibition (albeit with an "X" Certificate) foreign films packed with crude passion, he strove to keep the domestic product as clean as a whistle and could scarcely bring himself to allow a young British screen couple anything more than a chaste peek on the cheek or brow.

I found Mr. Watkyn a charming and civilized man and his chief concern seemed to be that British films should present the British as on the whole charming and civilized people—let the foreigners damn themselves as a vicious and immoral lot if they liked, we would not advertise the criminality and carnality which certain Sunday papers suggest exist among us. One visualized Mr. Watkyn at his desk with a blue pencil in one hand and a pepper-box full of "Xs" in the other, painstakingly protecting our scriptwriters from their own indiscretions and our young from contamination—and dreaming all the time of the sort of picture we should make.

Presumably *The Moonraker*, based on a play written by Mr. Watkyn while he still held office, comes into this category. Like his first film (the amiable little domestic comedy *For Better, For Worse*) it will certainly shock nobody, and cannot conceivably cause any increase in juvenile delinquency or adult peccancy. It is so perfectly *comme il faut* that doubtless even Miss Nancy Mitford would concur with the current Censor in awarding it a "U" Certificate.

An eminently predictable story of Cavaliers and Roundheads, it gives the impression that our Civil War was a gentlemanly affair—not in the least like that brawl in America with which the cinema has made us so familiar. Mr. George Baker is exquisitely easy and courteous in the title rôle—as the dashing

Lord Dawlish who rescues Charles Stuart (Mr. Gary Raymond) from Cromwell's men and is last seen swimming out to the fishing-smack which is to take them both to France.

Miss Sylvia Syms, a demure Puritan maiden, declares that she hates all Royalists. But when Mr. Baker is wounded in a duel she overcomes her prejudices and, in a most Christian spirit, binds up his bleeding sword-arm with strips of cambric torn from her best petticoat. The Roundhead colonel to whom she is betrothed is played by Mr. Marius Goring as a man of the highest principles, and even Cromwell (Mr. John Le Mesurier) is presented as a dignified, upright and by no means brutal figure—though it is not actually claimed that he is guiltless of his country's blood.

It is, as Mr. Watkyn no doubt intended, a thoroughly well-mannered picture, shot in agreeably restrained Technicolor against the green and pleasant background of the English countryside. Only I do feel that without overstepping the limits of propriety it could have been a little more exciting.

The new screen version of Mr. Bram Stoker's old novel, *Dracula*, has been written rather flatly by Mr. Jimmy Sangster, directed for shock effect by Mr. Terence Fisher, and photographed in Technicolor to show how red is the blood on which the 500-year-old vampire (Mr. Christopher Lee) thrives. Mr. Watkyn wouldn't approve of it at all, and I can't say I do, either. It is too obviously designed for the morbid.

Mr. Peter Cushing gives an impressive, completely straight performance as the doctor who tracks down and destroys the monstrous Count Dracula, but everybody else (except Mr. Miles Malleon as a jovial undertaker) hams like mad. Many of the scenes are strictly on the "horror comic" level—especially the one in which Miss Carol Marsh, infected with vampirism through the punctures in her neck, develops a pair of fetching fangs and a wild look about the eyes, and the subsequent scene in which Mr. Cushing pins her to her coffin with a small but businesslike stake through the heart.

Only in the final scene of *Dracula's* death and disintegration has Mr. Fisher used a little real imagination. As the flesh within them withers, the monster's clothes slowly collapse in a pathetic heap, a wisp of hair blows across the floor, a hand crumbles into dust before your very eyes. This is legitimately creepy—though scarcely my idea of entertainment. ("X" Certificate, of course.)

The early life of the late Mr. W. C. Handy, the Negro song-writer, was far from happy—or so it seems from *St. Louis Blues*, a slow but poignant film, directed by Mr. Allen Reisner. The story is one of conflict between young Mr. Handy (a modest performance by Mr. Nat "King" Cole), whose head and heart were full of the rhythms of his race, and his stern father (beautifully played by Mr. Juano Hernandez), a Methodist minister to whom Jazz was "the devil's music."

Mr. Handy left home to compose and play his songs in a Memphis nightclub and through the encouragement of a singer called Gogo Charmaine (Miss Eartha Kitt, looking like a beautiful, baleful, black panther) he achieved a certain fame. Mysteriously afflicted with blindness, Mr. Handy returned to his father's house and won the old man's respect by writing some affecting hymns, but when his eyesight was restored he felt he must resume his career as a song-writer and went away again.

The estrangement between father and son persisted until, through the good offices of Miss Kitt, the New York Symphony Orchestra played the "St. Louis Blues" at a concert. The reverence it was accorded and the enthusiasm with which it was received persuaded Mr. Handy, senior that there was nothing discreditable about the work of his dedicated son.

Mr. Handy's most famous songs are superably sung by Miss Kitt, Miss Ella Fitzgerald and Mr. Cole himself. It seemed to me a pity that Miss Pearl Bailey was not allowed to sing, but she gives a delightful performance in the role of Mr. Handy's amiable Aunt Hagar. Mr. Handy as a boy is endearingly played by Master William Preston. It's a film no jazz addict should miss.

Sea Lords at the Navy League Ball



AND, SEA AND AIR commanders are shown in these three pictures from the Navy League Ball, held at the Dorchester. *Left:* The Commandant-General of the Royal Marines, General Sir Campbell Hardy, with Lady Subback (wife of the Fourth Sea Lord). *Centre:* The Fifth Sea Lord, Vice-

Admiral M. L. Power, with his wife (on his left), and Mrs. D. E. Holland Martin, wife of the Second Sea Lord (all the Sea Lords were there). *Right:* The Deputy Chief of the Air Staff, Air Marshal Sir Geoffrey Tuttle, with Miss Eileen Sverljuga, who comes from the Bahamas



Sir Hugh Dawson, deputy chairman of the Navy League, Lady Dawson, and Earl Granville, President of the Navy League



Three guests from France: Cdr. F. Rondenay, Admiral M. Amman, the French naval attaché, and Mme. Rondenay



Admiral Sir Peter Reid, Third Sea Lord, with Lady Hardy (left), wife of Gen. Hardy



Mr. A. Applestone, the League's financial sec., Mr. John Excell from Australia, and Mrs. Applestone



Desmond O'Neill
Lieut. G. Meredith, R.N., and Miss Susan Campbell Hardy, who works for Worth

BOOKS I AM READING

by SIRIOL HUGH-JONES

Stranger than science-fiction

THE publishers describe **Brighter Than A Thousand Suns** (Gollancz, Hart-Davis, 21s.), by Dr. Robert Jungk as a "terribly topical book," and indeed it seems to me a book that everybody should read immediately. If this sounds like a matron issuing a stiff round of tonic to the whole school, let me sugar the pill by adding that this frightening book is also obsessively readable. On the first page it quotes: "Why should we always think of what the scientist does and never what he is?" Then it proceeds without sensationalism (not that the matter needs it) to tell the story of the scientists behind atomic research from the beginnings to the present time.

The genius of the age has been funnelled into science, and because the language spoken by physicists is essentially a private one, some of the most remarkable men of our time are hidden behind a barrier of specialist knowledge. An exception, perhaps, is the dazzling and hypnotic Robert Oppenheimer, known because he became a *cause célèbre*, and also because a good many people in England fell into a trance at the sound of that astonishing voice on the radio, saying things of absolutely epic incompre-

hensibility. Penney also flashes across our conscious thoughts from time to time, but only, I think, because his cosy, unspectacular appearance—the antithesis of the skeletal, fanatical scientist of popular fiction—makes him excellent journalistic copy.

Besides being a humanized science-truth story (and thus a good deal more hair-raising than science-fiction) this is also a story of conscience and responsibility, of what happens to great and wise men so removed from the world that they must live behind a wall of wire and security checks. Politics being what they are, "pure" science today has become a contradiction in terms. By the last page, one thinks "Thank God I am not an atomic physicist"—but that does not absolve us, the laymen, from the dilemma.

The book has the highest possible seriousness, but is also often wry, ironic, and funny. Oppenheimer, my hero, whom Dr. Jungk regards from a position well this side of idolatry, exercised such a fascination on his students that they adopted his mannerisms. Apparently he had the habit of clicking open his lighter and jumping up whenever anyone took out a cigarette or a pipe. "His students," says Dr. Jungk, creating a picture

that is perhaps more full of tragi-comic irony than he intended, "could therefore be recognized from afar in the campus cafeterias of Berkeley and Pasadena by their custom of darting about from time to time, like marionettes on invisible strings, with tiny petrol flames between their fingers."

Nadine Gordimer's **A World Of Strangers** (Gollancz, 16s.), is a stunningly good novel about South Africa that doesn't take you by the shoulders and shake you into submission. Miss Gordimer lives in South Africa, and writes with a warm heart governed by a cool head and a very precise eye and ear. She also writes about people rather than problems and situations. Her central figure is a clearly defined young man who has grown up in an atmosphere where causes were of passionate importance, refugees and victims and minorities the stuff of life, and a grandfather who died a hero in the Boer War was a matter of shame to the family. When he is sent to Johannesburg as agent for his uncle's publishing house he has already been "put off" Africa, wanting to reserve to himself "the right not to take a stand if I didn't feel like it. Not to shame myself into indignance if I didn't happen to give a damn." By the end of the book he is different, involved with the country, but still not a crusader.

With sharp, witty observation, masterly dialogue and admirable handling of the different levels of South African society, the book is a beautiful technical job and—more importantly—creates a world that grows in the mind after you have finished reading it. The book has great heart, but does not

BOOKS IN PICTURES



Two contrasting scenes with water in two contrasting moods. **The Royal Dragon**, by R. L. Hewitt (Routledge & Kegan Paul, 30s.) is the story of the Queen and Prince Philip's yacht Bluebottle shown (left) with prize flags flying. Above: In **Journey Through Cornwall** by Louis T. Stanley (Methuen, 25s.) Truro Cathedral rises above the Cornish city on the river

parade it bleeding, for all to admire.

The translation of *The Passionate Exiles*, by Maurice Levailant (George Allen & Unwin, 30s.), seems still horribly snarled up in the original French ("A last vestige of modesty alone prevented Benjamin from admitting that from the very first moment the sorceress had conquered him," and so forth). But once you have accustomed yourself to the heavy swell of the Anglo-French style, initially conducive to the sort of ominous, sinking feeling often experienced in mid-Channel, this account of the acute sensibilities and personal entanglements of Madame de Staël and Madame Récamier, those two emotional boa-constrictors of the French Empire, is full of a fearful joy. I came out of it very scared indeed. Keen collectors of passionate friendships, demons for letter-writing (after dinner, on a summer house party, they would all sit down and write letters, steaming with tension and passion, to each other and pass them across the table in dead silence), amateur theatricals, musical evenings and mutual admiration, their hearts beat so loudly and to such a tune of destruction for any man in the vicinity that it seems no wonder Napoleon shuddered and kept them as far removed as possible. Through this hot-house of love and friendship and romantic landscape-gardening with feelings, moves the really very unimirable figure of Benjamin Constant, mad about Madame de Staël, married to somebody else (so, of course, were they all) and finally to everyone's great astonishment and alarm—just as mad about Madame Récamier.

She was passed in literary pursuits (Madame de Staël never allowed emotion to impede the work in progress), much travelling from place to place and bosom to bosom, and in taking near-fatal doses of opium when the suffering grew too great. Madame Récamier would appear to have been the more shadowy of the two charmers, but in her famous David portrait, barefoot and dainty in drapery on the cushions, Little Curly-Top's heart-shaped face reveals all the reluctant, delicate voracity of the Decadent Feminine Person. Monsieur Levailant stands staunchly by his two heroines, but I would prefer to meet a couple of rogue tigers face to face in the drawing-room any day.

Kenneth Allsop's first-hand, well-documented book *The Angry Decade* (Peter Owen, 21s.) is probably not the last word on the Angry Young Men—he stands too close to them for that—but relates them excellently to their time, politics, press and publicity. I like the fact that Mr. Allsop himself expresses firm, frequently barbed opinions. I have not yet read anything so sound and lucid on Amis, Osborne and the mystery that is Colin Wilson.

People who like their thrillers urban, acrid, and sour as a wet Sunday afternoon, should make for *Someone From The Past*, by Margot Bennet (Eyre and Spottiswoode, 12s. 6d.), in which cynical, independent Nancy, the near-novelist, mixes with the police and a handful of beautiful dead Sarah's past loves to discover who left the lady dead in bed with non-matching underclothes lying around. It entertained and thoroughly depressed me in about equal measures.



Vandyk

**Miss Georgiana Clive-Ponsonby-Fane
to Mr. William Tulloch**

She is the daughter of Mr. & Mrs. Clive-Ponsonby-Fane, of Brympton d'Evercy, Yeovil. He is the son of Major-General & Mrs. D. D. C. Tulloch, Rushall House, Upavon, nr. Pewsey.



Lennox

**Miss Ann Penelope Holmans
to Mr. Jeremy Royle**

She is the only daughter of Mr. & Mrs. L. C. Holmans, Hatfield Broad Oak, Essex. He is the eldest son of Mr. & Mrs. R. L. Royle, Great Canfield, Essex.



Pearl Freeman

**Miss Frances Sheena
MacLennan**

to Mr. Robert A. C. Linzee

She is the daughter of Mr. & Mrs. Colin MacLennan, Lentrán, Inverness. He is the son of Capt. R. G. H. Linzee, R.N. (retd.), Kensington Gate, and of the Hon. Mrs. Linzee, Montpelier Sq.



Bradford Bachrach

**Miss Patricia Keegan
to Mr. Nicholas J. F. Neve, R.E.**

She is the only daughter of Mrs. Kevin Keegan, Washington, D.C., U.S.A., and of the late Captain Keegan, M.C. He is the only son of Major J. T. Neve of the Manor House, Woolland, Dorset, and of Mrs. N. A. Andrew, Rottingdean.

**Miss Margaret Joy Dixon
to Mr. Roger Francis Stevenson**

She is the daughter of Mr. & Mrs. E. Dixon, The Old Hall, Mickleover, Derbyshire. He is the younger son of Mr. & Mrs. F. M. Stevenson, Castle Hill House, Duffield, Derbyshire.

Desmond Groves



From London comes black, unrelieved black, for special summer occasions. Rudolf of Grosvenor Street's cocktail hat is a huge satin bow softened with a cloud of coarse black veiling

HATS



Michel Molinare

The London Look

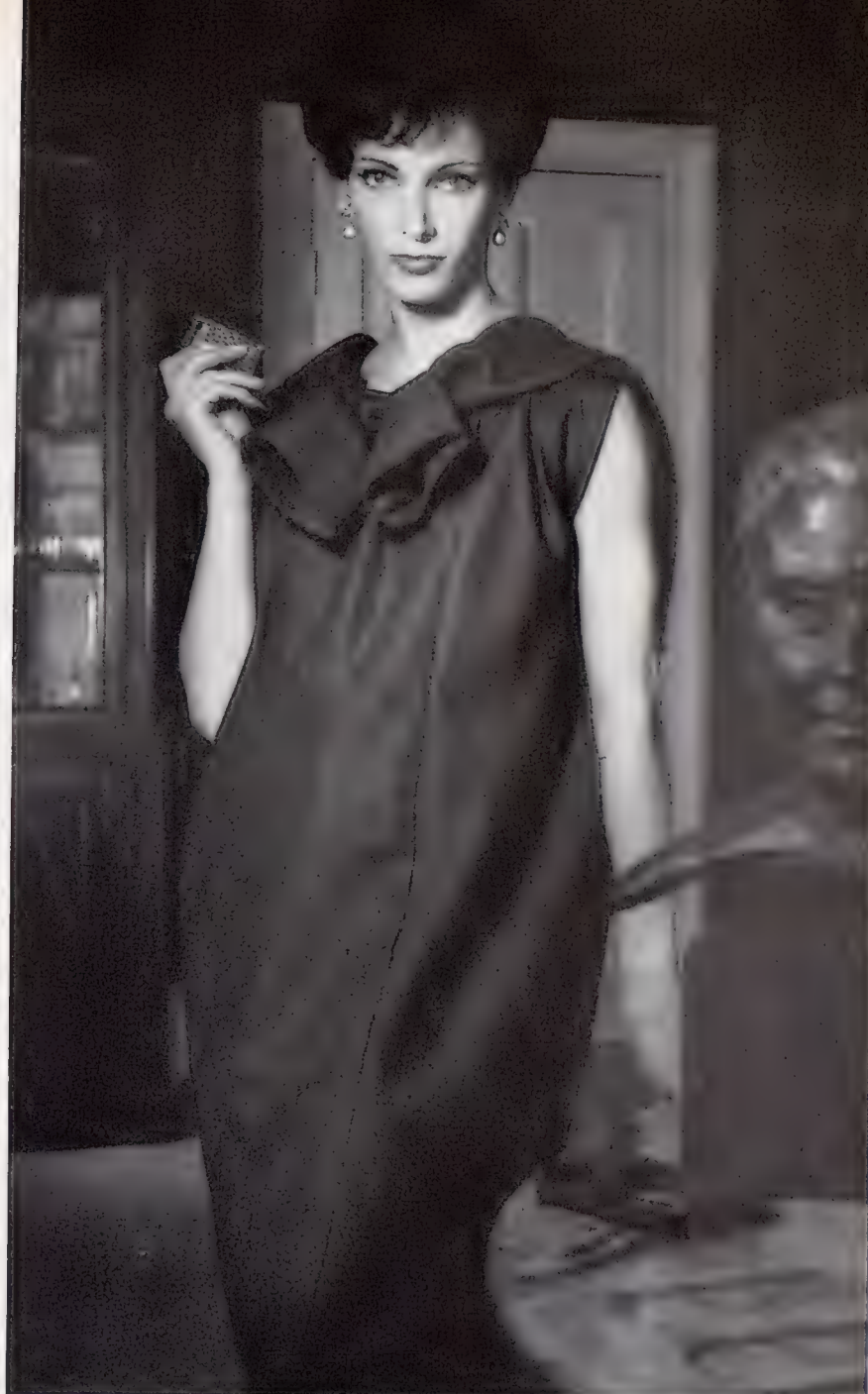


Clouds of black spotted tulle swathed on to a foundation of black velvet make this "picture" hat, also by Rudolf of Grosvenor Street, light as thistledown and flattering to the features

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Coming or going— with a kick



Michel Molinare

FASHION today has a two-way look. The "sack" creates a sensation both on entering or leaving a room. For it is intricately cut in its current form and the interest is shared by both the front and the back of a dress. This model in black pure silk shantung was designed by Givenchy and shown by him in Paris in his spring collection. Made in London by Rima, it can be bought at Woollands, Knightsbridge. The price : 35 gns.

The black grosgrain holdall containing gilt powder-compact, lipstick, cigarette case, comb, mirror, etc. is by Stratton. Price : £6 12s. 6d. At most leading stores



SUMMER EVENINGS lazing in the garden call for casual clothes. But how to be casual without being sloppy? These pictures show *chic* allied to comfort in Continental imports.

On this page: An intriguing cotton print patterned with paper cones of fruit splashed in tones of sepia on a white ground. Under the loose jacket (*left*) is worn the blouson (*above*). It is of brown cotton edged with the print. Both from Elizabeth Winter, South Molton Street. Prices : 11 gns. the jacket, 5 gns. the blouson. The shell necklet : 5 gns.

How to look



Michel Molinare

casual—and stay chic

A white wool cardigan embroidered with gold thread motifs. Here it is worn with a pair of yellow "drain-pipe" woven cotton slacks. From Rima Casuals at Finnigan's, 27 New Bond Street. The cardigan: 11 gns. The slacks: £7 9s. 6d.

The young summer look



Satinized cotton is one of the most popular fabrics for this season's summer eveningwear. Miss Worth (the ready-to-wear boutique at Worth, Grosvenor Street) use it for a two-piece dress in a printed black-and-white design on scarlet. Price: 15½ gns.

Daffodil yellow with white is young and fresh. The skirt (*opposite*) from Rima Casuals is in yellow with a deep border of appliquéd white net. Price: £6 12s. 6d. The white cotton shirt has fine yellow pin-tucked stripes. Price: £3 18s. 6d. Both at Finnigans, 27 New Bond Street, W.1

Photographs by
Michel Molinare



Pretty practical

England's leading designer of entirely functional but fashion-conscious tennis clothes, Teddy Tinling, made this entirely feminine dress for the courts, and the separates shown on these pages. They are all washable and easy to maintain. The pleated Terylene skirt (*left*) is worn with a cotton shirt. Price : £4 17s. 6d. and £1 respectively. The proofed white gaberdine jacket (*below*) has knitted cuffs and collar, and fastens in front with a zip. Price : £6 19s. 6d. The high-waisted white piqué dress (*opposite*), decorated with drawn thread work is worn with a cotton *broderie anglaise* underslip. Price : £6 16s. 6d. and 27s. 6d. respectively. The tennis shoes 31s. 6d. All from Simpson, Piccadilly



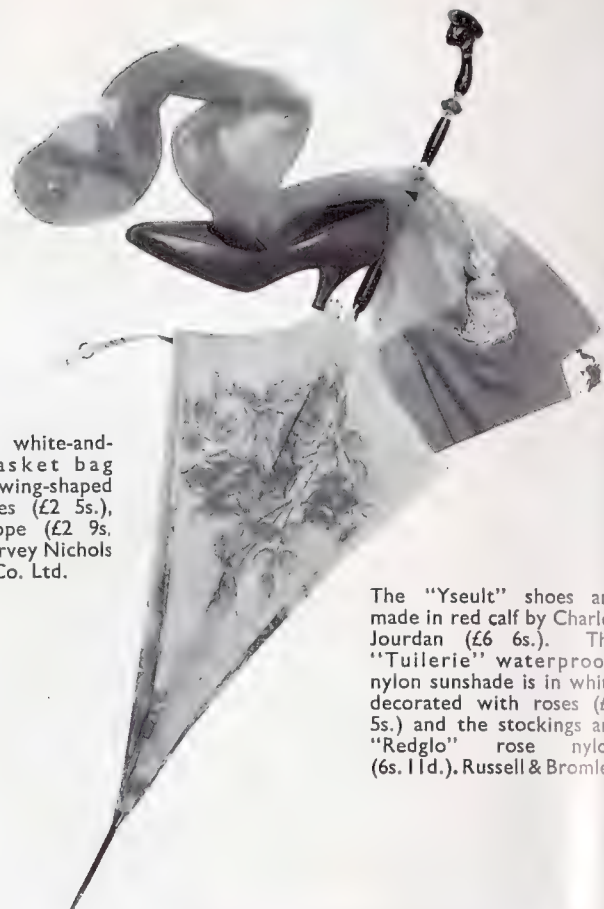
CHOICE
FOR THE
WEEK







Left: A white-and-gilt basket bag (£5 5s.), wing-shaped sunglasses (£2 5s.), bead rope (£2 9s. 6d.). Harvey Nichols & Co. Ltd.



The "Yseult" shoes are made in red calf by Charles Jourdan (£6 6s.). The "Tuilerie" waterproof-nylon sunshade is in white decorated with roses (£5 5s.) and the stockings are "Redglo" rose nylon (6s. 11d.). Russell & Bromley

Below: The pure silk organdie stole is woven in a gay pattern of olive green, pink, red and gold (£3 9s. 6d.). Debenham & Freebody

SHOPPING

Light and gay for summer days

by JEAN STEELE



The tan cape gloves, lined with silk (£2 3s. 6d.), can be worn with the tan-and-white leather handbag (£6 16s. 6d.). The white-and-navy kid gloves (£3 3s.) match the other handbag (£6 6s.). Both bags spongeable. Debenham & Freebody



The butterfly cashmere jumper comes in a variety of colours (£9 13s. 6d.). The cardigan with a flower and butterfly pattern is made by Ballantyne (£9). Simpson of Piccadilly

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MOTORING

Going abroad this summer?

by GORDON WILKINS

I have bad news for our car manufacturers. No matter how many cars they export, the stay-at-home British motorist remains convinced that our cars are not suitable for use outside Great Britain and he backs his opinion by refusing to buy cars which have been abroad if he can help it. Motor traders tell me that they always remove GB plates from secondhand cars as they depress the market value. This helps to explain why British tourists' cars are so often conspicuous for their bent and rusty GB plates bolted to bumpers (the silliest place of all) or hung casually in some other position from which they can later be removed without trace. Continental cars have their nationality plates firmly bolted where they belong; right alongside the rear number plate.

Carrying a GB plate on a car in England used to be regarded as a form of ostentation, rather like having too many labels on one's luggage, but this can hardly apply now that between 150,000 and 200,000 car owners a year venture beyond these shores.

A neat alternative to the metal plate is a transfer of regulation size which sticks on the body panels or inside the rear window. It costs 3s. post free from the "GB" Car Club, 305A Brompton Road, London, S.W.3. I doubt if the window position complies with the letter of the regulations but foreign authorities are fairly tolerant in this respect.

The motorist going abroad has never been offered so much help and guidance as he is today. The most detailed information, together with a recovery service which brings a damaged car home or sends out spares by air, is offered by the highly organized foreign touring departments of the A.A. and the R.A.C. This probably explains why a record number of motorists are using their foreign touring service despite the fact that customs papers are no longer required by tourists taking their own cars to France, Belgium, Holland, Luxembourg, Austria, West Germany, Switzerland and Sweden. The foreign touring handbook of the A.A.

is a brilliant compilation of useful information; banking hours, hours of opening of frontier posts, heights and gradients of Alpine passes and details of the train services which by-pass them, with guidance on local food, wines, hotels and traffic regulations in 19 countries are some of the things compressed within it.

Many car manufacturers now offer kits of useful spare parts on a sale or return basis and lists of their foreign service stations (Vauxhall's booklet has 92 pages). Now the oil companies have moved in. Both Shell and BP are offering lavish free kits of maps, routes and phrase books in exchange for forms obtainable at local filling stations. BP even include appropriate gramophone records. Esso Touring Service also offer maps, road information and local help through their European sales network.

I never care to travel in France without Michelin's incomparable red guide book and the same team have produced volumes on Italy and Benelux—but they are already hard to get. Green guides, which supply tourist information and maps to supplement the red hotel guides, are available on Switzerland, Paris, the French Riviera, Brittany and the Châteaux of the Loire.

In calculating distances on the Continent, the old rule of dividing by two and adding a quarter of the result gives a reasonably accurate conversion of kilometres to miles. So for 100 km, $50 + 12\frac{1}{2} = 62\frac{1}{2}$ miles. The exact figure is 62.13 miles. It is also easy to remember that 10 litres = 2.2 gallons and 1 kg. = 2.2 lb., but other conversions are more complicated. The neatest answer I have yet seen to the problem is a little computer called the Lucidator, contained in a leather case attached to a key ring. By turning a disc one can calculate m.p.h., m.p.g., k.p.h. while the disc on the opposite side works out conversions between English and metric tyre pressures, weights, measures, distances, and between litres and English or American gallons. The price is 10s. 6d. from Lucidator Ltd., 7 Birch Lane, London, E.C.3.

Another companion which includes currency conversions and wave lengths of Continental radio stations comes in the form of a card with clips to attach it to a sun visor. It also lists current petrol prices so that one can tell whether to fill up before or after the next frontier. Free from Trico Folberth Ltd., Gt. West Road, Brentford, Middlesex.

Accidents caused by British tourists driving on the wrong side of the road are sufficiently numerous to cause comment. I do nearly half my annual mileage on the other side of the Channel and make it a rule never to stop on the left side of the road. There is then no tendency to drive away on the wrong side if the road is deserted. Double white lines, which are usually applied with more imagination than on our experimental stretches, are almost universal on the Continent and must be strictly respected.

Among traffic signals, the greatest pitfalls for the stranger are probably created by those lanterns with clock faces which are suspended high above intersections in German cities like Stuttgart and Cologne. They are difficult to read and easy to miss.

Now that service charges are commonly 15 per cent it is worth remembering that everything entered on the hotel bill increases the charge. It is not unknown for a bill for dinner to carry a 15 per cent charge and then be augmented by a further 15 per cent when it has been added to the hotel bill. Last year I was confronted with a 22 per cent service charge at an hotel on Lake Annecy, but Michelin would have warned me of it had I troubled to look. These things assume some importance now that the cost of living in France is so high.





Michael Barnett



Hair style by Mr. Ronald of Dumas, which won the Fellowship of Hair Artists competition. Left: front view, and (above), side view showing the hair sweeping into a soft-looking wave which has lasting quality

BEAUTY

Make-up in summer weather

by JEAN CLELAND

SELDOM, if ever, has summer fashion been more colourful than it is today. Cotton frocks, beach kit, and all manner of holiday wear, from large straw hats for the head to striped sandals for the feet, are so brightly gay as to be almost dazzling.

With so much colour running riot, many people find make-up a problem. Shall one make up to the shade of the skin, or the shade of what one is wearing? If the latter, which shade? In the delightfully frivolous beach garments which can now be had in such bewildering variety, one skirt or one jumper alone may have stripes of blue, red, yellow, and what have you, which makes it all very confusing.

I have been talking about this to the experts in maquillage and found they agreed on some important principles. In general powder should tone with the shade of the skin. Lipstick and rouge can be chosen effectively to suit the colours you are wearing. When there is doubt as to which colour, it should be the one nearest to the face. If for instance, you are wearing a brown skirt with a blue blouse or jumper, you should forget about the brown, and have a lipstick with bluey tones, such as cherry, crimson or bright pink. But, if brown or yellow is nearest to your face, the lipstick should have

yellowy tones such as scarlet or pillar-box red.

These rules are all right when it is a case of vivid or definite colours in dress. But suppose you are wearing more subdued shades, and want to make up to your *own* colouring. How do you set about it? Which do you take as the focal point, the shade of your skin or the colour of your hair?

When François, Elizabeth Arden's chief make-up expert, was last in London, I put this question to him, and his answer was definite. "With regard to the right shade of make-up to suit the individual colouring, the choice," he said, "should be governed by the colour of the eye. This is the focal point, and more important to the tones of maquillage than the hair, which some people think should be the first consideration. If you have blue eyes, there should be bluey tones in your rouge and your lipstick. You can have pink or crimson or cyclamen, but nothing with yellow, such as flame. If, on the other hand, your eyes are brown, the rouge and lipstick must have warmer tones, and be more like the coral or pillar-box types of colour."

I then asked François about a make-up problem which many people find tricky, and got it satisfactorily cleared up. "Supposing,"

I said, "that a person with blue eyes is wearing a brown dress, what then? Surely the colour of the dress must be taken into consideration"? "Most surely it must," said François, but in that case, the make-up must take a half-way course; something between the bluey pinks and crimsons, and the yellow-toned flames and pillar-box reds. He continued: "That advice is only for those who feel they *must* wear colours that are in direct opposition to their eyes. It is far better to let the colour of the eye govern to a great extent the colour of the dress as well as the make-up, then no problem arises."

I considered this point, and found myself in complete agreement. There is little doubt that people with blue eyes are never more flattered than when they wear blue—first choice—or any other of the soft pastel shades. In contrast, those with brown eyes should choose a glowing red, a warm brown, or any other of the rich shades.

François was most emphatic on the need for individuality. "Nowadays there are so many fashions in looks," he said, "and these change almost as frequently as dress. Although a woman may follow them to a certain extent, she must always adapt them to her own personality, otherwise the effect can never really be good."

Someone else who stresses the importance of individuality is Dumas, the well-known hairdresser of Albemarle Street. Because of this, he has developed his own special method of permanent waving which gives a woman individual styling. When he spoke to me about it he was very thrilled because a young hairdresser working in his salon, and trained by him on these lines, had just won a permanent waving competition offered annually by the Fellowship of Hair Artists, and was the first Englishman to do so.

A feature of the Dumas perm is that the winding is done in such a way that the perm is helped to take a soft movement. "If there is the slightest chance of the hair taking a natural line," said Dumas, "we do our best to encourage greater emphasis in that direction."

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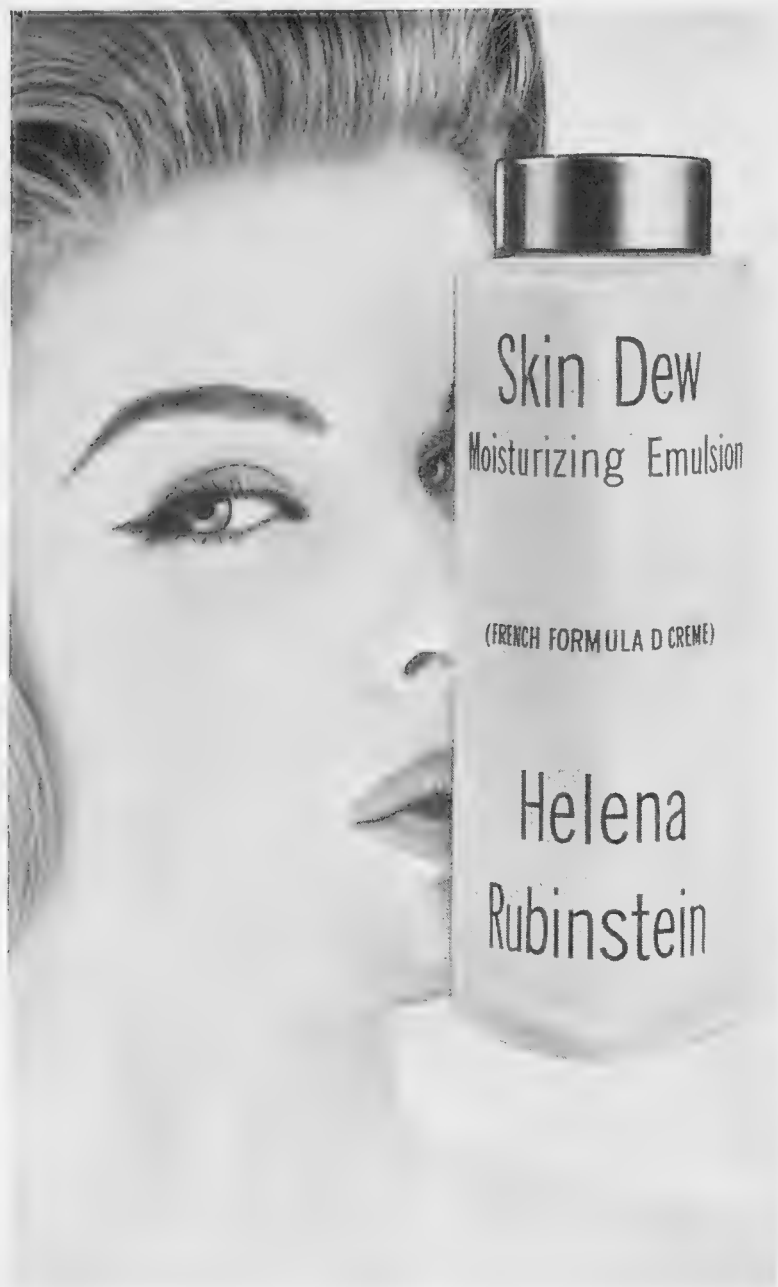
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Bradleys

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A Bradley model in black dyed mink and white mink



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RECORDS

by GERALD LASCELLES

The poll-winner disappoints

THE last of the Columbia set of Newport Jazz Festival recordings are now on sale, with pianists predominating. Newcomer Eddie Costa fails to impress me after his much-boasted victory in the American *Down Beat* Critic's Poll. More inspiring is the Oscar Peterson Trio, backed by some of the soloists who recently visited these shores in the "Jazz at the Philharmonic" tour. Both Roy Eldridge's trumpet and Sonny Stitt's tenor have warmth and swing, and the flashing solo work of Peterson is of much interest to those whose taste leans towards piano jazz.

Another pianist, old-timer Teddy Wilson, takes my prize for the best work to come from these "jive" Newport recordings. His version of Gershwin's "I Got Rhythm" is no misnomer, and he rates high in taste and keyboard dexterity. Dizzy Gillespie's big band backs the studious Mary Lou Williams at the piano in a full-length version of her "Zodiac Suite"—strictly for connoisseurs of the modern idiom.

Artie Shaw, who used to feature big-name vocalists with his band in 1940, has a sudden revival with tracks from his R.C.A. recordings of that period. Lena Horne and Billie Holiday provide the best ones, without producing any scintillating jazz, leaving the late "Hot Lips" Page to blow and sing his way through "St. James Infirmary Blues" with enormous zest and obvious enjoyment. Other singers this month are Sarah Vaughan, whose ballad selection on Mercury falls far short of the lilting music she normally sings. *My Fair Lady* has inevitably tempted many popular artistes to try their fortune in sung or instrumental versions, but I have yet to hear one which does justice to the material. An assortment of Nixa recording stars tries its best on a well-filled E.P., and Joe Henderson plays some drawing-room versions of the same themes.

I find that I have tended to neglect our home-made jazz artistes, largely owing to the spate of controversial and important releases from America. An excellent piece of jazz is played by Bruce Turner's Jump Band, a "mainstream" group of relaxed style, led by Humphrey Lyttelton's former alto player. Apart from the quality of the music, this band has the distinction of having been rejected by the B.B.C. as lacking the standard set by their examiners! In modern vein the Tony Kinsey Quintet prove that a West End Jazz Club (The Flamingo) can be a home of jazz in just the same way as a Paris *boîte* or a New York 52nd Street dive. More ambitious, if only because of the diversity of musicians involved, is Nixa's All-Stars 1957-58, drawn from the ranks of the *Melody Maker* Poll Winners. This big band is led by Johnny Dankworth, and it plays his fine arrangements with exceptional confidence.

Those who have missed the numerous releases of the Modern Jazz-Quartet would do well to listen to the Esquire long-player, which reintroduces some of their best and earliest material. This is true chamber music, albeit in jazz form, and leader-pianist John Lewis sets a fashion which may have some unexpected long-term results.

Selected Records:

Columbia	TEDDY WILSON & GERRY				
33CX10107	MULLIGAN AT NEWPORT	12-in. L.P. £2	1s.	8½d.	
Columbia	DIZZY GILLESPIE & COUNT BASIE				
33CX10111	AT NEWPORT	12-in. L.P. £2	1s.	8½d.	
Columbia	33CX10109 OSCAR PETERSON				
	TRIO AT NEWPORT	12-in. L.P. £2	1s.	8½d.	
Nixa NJE1051	BRUCE TURNER				
	JUMP BAND	E.P.	12s.	10½d.	
Nixa NJE1049	MELODY MAKER				
	ALL-STARS 1957-8	E.P.	12s.	10½d.	
Esquire 20-092	MODERN JAZZ				
	QUARTET	10-in. L.P. £1	9s.	6½d.	



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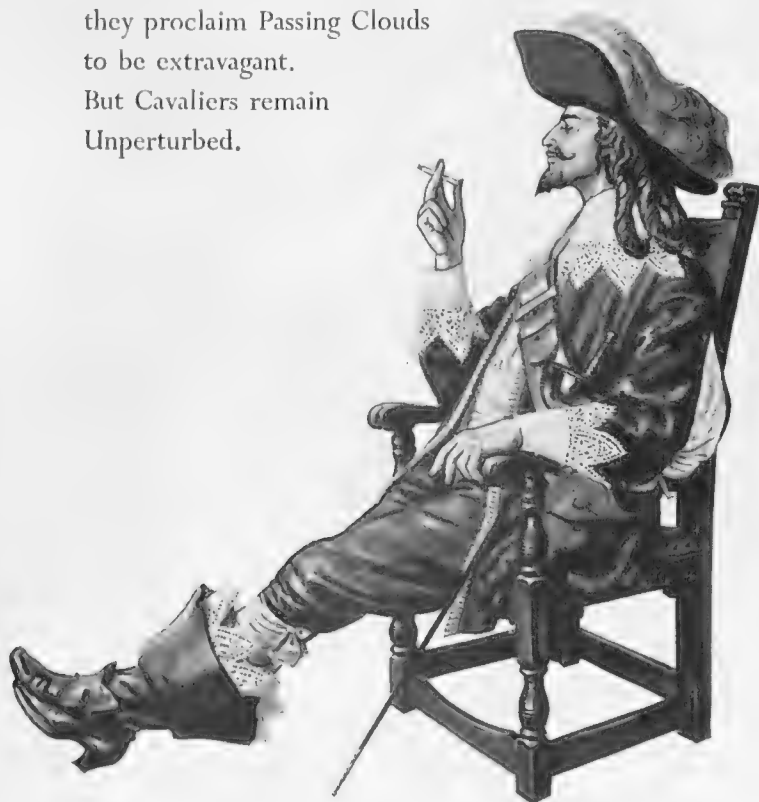
London Showrooms: 88 Piccadilly, W.1



3.4 LITRE SALOON

Q: Do Roundheads resent
Cavaliers smoking
Passing Clouds?

A: Certainly—that is why
they proclaim Passing Clouds
to be extravagant.
But Cavaliers remain
Unperturbed.



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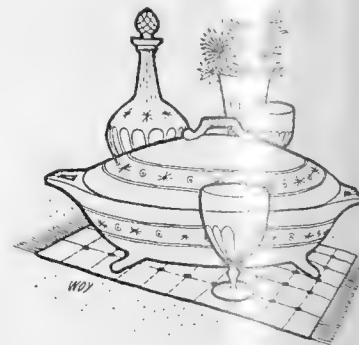
by HELEN BURKE

"FOREIGNERS," says a cookery book, published nearly 100 years ago, "call many things 'salads' which we would merely reckon cold little dressed dishes." The writer goes on to say: "Our ancestors had the same notion of what *sallets* were that the French still retain, and which French cooks have again brought into use among us."

It is true that, when one gets a salad in a restaurant, it is generally a very simple green one, consisting of lettuce only or lamb's tongue (corn salad) with, when it is good, a little of the mildest wine vinegar or lemon juice and four times the amount of olive oil, with salt and freshly milled pepper. An old chef friend of mine once said: "Use only freshly milled pepper because, unless you do, you do not know what you are getting."

There are other salad greens besides the "usual" ones. Dandelions, for instance, should, by this time, be well up in the garden and what are weeds in vegetable plots are excellent additions to the salad bowl. Invert a flowerpot or two over a few roots to encourage the growth of more succulent and less bitter leaves. Then, if the pots are left off for a day or so, the leaves will again develop their health-giving green.

But salads mean much more today than a mere accompaniment to some other dish. In summer, they themselves can be the main course at a midday meal. A light lunch which I often have consists of lettuce, lovage, chives and parsley (these last three chopped), grated raw young carrot and turnip and grated raw beetroot, all dressed with oil and vinegar and seasoned as above. Sometimes, I sprinkle shredded cheese on top, or, separately, I have a hard-boiled egg coated with mayonnaise. Or it may be a slice of liver pâté or beef roll or cold joint. For a particularly zestful salad, add to the vegetables some fillets of anchovy.



I do not think we shall go back to salads composed of greens alone.

What we shall do is present different salads in various attractive forms, using a number of combinations. Some of these can be served on slices of rye bread as in the Smorrebrod of Denmark and the Smörgåsbord of Sweden.

From Sweden comes a brand of canned and tubed specialties, all handy for these salad sandwiches. It includes sliced smoked salmon and fillets of smoked eel in tins and, for pretty decorations, mayonnaise and salmon mayonnaise in tubes. In addition, we can obtain cans of shrimps, sardines, herring, anchovy fillets and liver pâté. Or, if preferred, the salad part of a light meal can be served separately in a bowl—lettuce, for instance, or whatever other green one likes, garnished with wafer-thin slices of Spanish or other mild onion and/or green or red sweet peppers cut into thin rounds.

For a base, rye bread, already cut in slices, is available. Spread butter on the bread and cover it with sliced or shredded lettuce, corn salad or watercress. For the "toppings," I suggest one of these:

Sliced smoked salmon and cold scrambled egg; boiled ham and canned red cherries (stoned and halved), sliced pears and sliced peaches, dressed generously with mayonnaise; diced cooked beetroot, dressed with mayonnaise, covered with sliced smoked eel and wafer-thin rings of onion; liver pâté and anchovy fillets, garnished with horse-radish paste (also obtainable in tubes); sliced cold tongue or beef with potato salad, dressed with mayonnaise and garnished with cooked beetroot cut in Julienne strips; cornets of salami filled with horse-radish cream; sliced hard-boiled egg down one side of the slice of bread with sliced tomato down the other side and piped mayonnaise to link the two and a sprinkling of chopped chives.

Other toppings are chopped hard-boiled egg, dressed with mayonnaise, and curried crisp grilled bacon, with thin rings of green sweet pepper over it; and liver sausage, thickly spread, topped with smoked eel and garnished with thin slices of pimento-stuffed olives.



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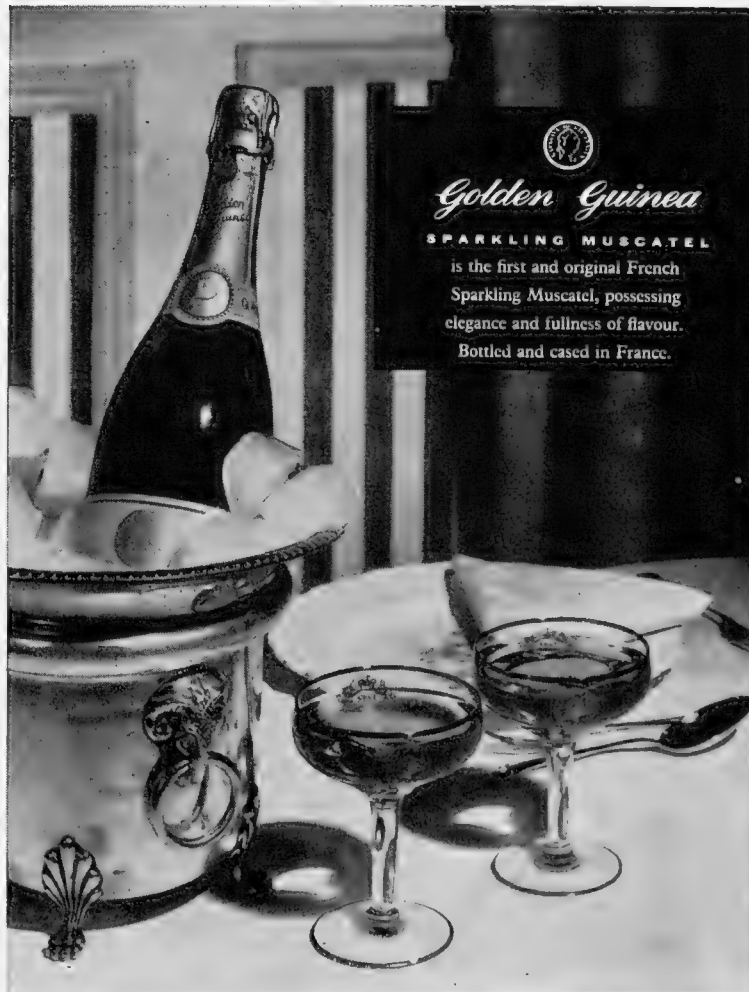
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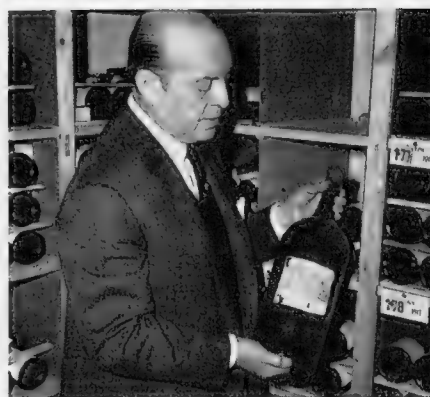
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ERWIN SCHLEYEN, managing director of the Mirabelle, with one of the rarities in his wine cellars—a double magnum of Château Haut-Brion 1895

DINING OUT

Come to England FOR FRENCH WINES

by ISAAC BICKERSTAFF

I HAVE been asked many times since my return from France: "Did you find the food in France much better than you can get in England?" My answer to that is that there is food available in many restaurants and hotels in London and a few outside London where, if you take a little trouble about it, you can get as good a meal as anywhere in France. But in France there are a far greater number of places in small towns and villages, wayside cafés, etc., that can prepare you a meal at short notice, and at almost any hour, immeasurably better than about 90 per cent of equivalent establishments in this country.

On the other hand, the wine lists of small hotels and restaurants in France, unless they have a particular reputation for their cuisine and their *cartes des vin*, are negligible compared with what you would find in England. They usually give a small choice and seldom have any really fine wines or any of the best years listed—and when they do the wine is frequently more expensive than it would be over here. That is why, unless you are indulging in a gastronomic occasion, it is far better to keep to the local wines or *vin ordinaires* "en carafe."

I have on more than one occasion recently known French restaurateurs on holiday in England who have bought some French wine of successful years to take back as presents to their friends in France. I watched Robin Humphreys of the Antelope in Eaton Terrace sell a dozen half-bottles of 1928 Château Haut-Brion to two Frenchmen who were returning to France the same evening.

Talking about Joseph Vecchi last week reminds me that there seems to be a good deal of movement going on among well-known restaurateurs or hoteliers.

Jean Burca, for example: the last time I met him he was general manager for Forte's at the Criterion. Now he is off to become general manager of Reid's Hotel in Madeira.

Jean was born in Paris of a Rumanian father and a French mother and lived for many years in Rumania, where his family had considerable estates and connections. His uncle, for instance, Titulesco, was Rumanian Ambassador to England for eleven years.

In the war he joined the French Army, served in North Africa, and was parachuted back into France on Special Service in 1944.

After the war he met Major Frank Goldsmith, who started him off in the hotel trade, and found himself at the age of 30 a commiswaiter at the Savoy. From there, on to the Carlton at Cannes, the Hotel de Paris at Monte Carlo, to Nyasaland where he opened the Shire Highlands Hotel at Limbe, to King of the Criterion, and now to Reid's in Madeira.

Then again we have Aldo Rossi. He is off to manage the Shaw Park Hotel and Beach Club at Ocho Rios in Jamaica. I knew him when he was resident director of that famous and very ancient inn Ye Olde Bell Hotel at Hurley.

He matriculated at London University and learnt the hotel business in France, Switzerland, Italy, Germany, Austria and Hungary.

He left the Bell to become general manager of the Grand Hotel at Cape Town but found conditions there unsuitable.

LE TOUQUET



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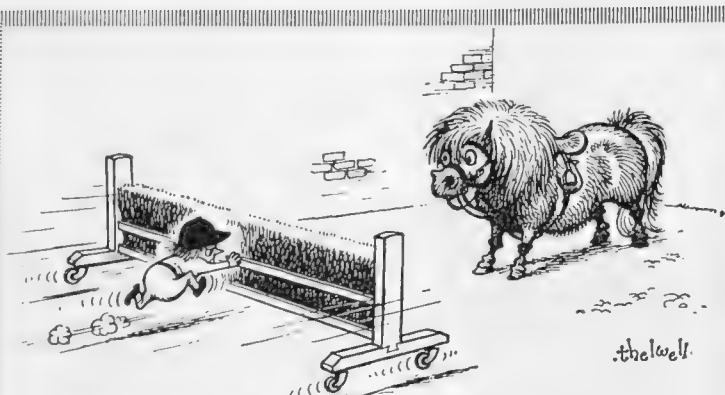
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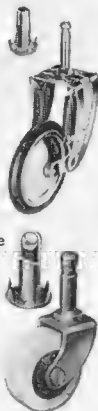
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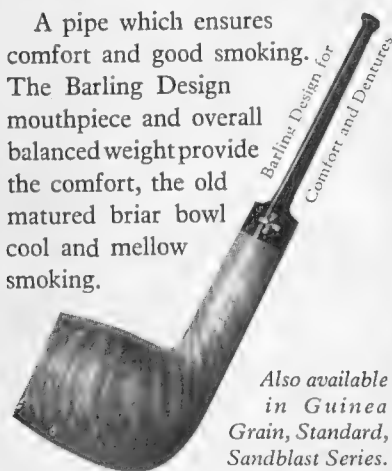
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To sing here next week

ONE of the outstanding occasions of the summer season will be the appearance of Maria Meneghini Callas at Covent Garden, where she will sing before the Queen. Miss Callas, who possesses both the gifts and the temperament of a first-rate artiste, makes an unforgettable impact wherever she sings. Her voice has unusual purity and range, and she projects her personality with power.

Born in New York, of Greek parents, Maria Callas, now 34, has been singing since she was 15. She has a wide repertoire and has appeared in some 50 operatic rôles. Her biggest success is in the title-rôle in Bellini's *Norma*. Since 1954, when Visconti, the Italian producer, realized her dramatic possibilities she has also developed rapidly as an actress.

Maria Callas is married to a wealthy Italian art-lover. She is shown here in the sitting-room of their Milan home, wearing a Christian Dior evening gown.

summer number



"After the exhilarating acceleration of the launch the wonder of it all is the apparently effortless peace"

Go gliding for your holiday

Tomorrow a British team leaves for the world gliding championships in Poland. At home meanwhile gliding is a growing summer sport

by ANNE INCE



"TAKE UP SLACK," the cry comes from the cockpit of the slim graceful aircraft resting gently on the ground. A man waves a vivid yellow bat and the cable leading to the nose of the machine slowly tautens. Then, as the pilot shouts "*All out*," the glider rolls forward on its wheel gathering speed, and in a remarkably short time it is climbing steeply away on the end of an apparently interminable length of cable. When, at about 1,000 ft., the glider is nearly vertical over the winch that has kited it up, the pilot releases the cable by "pulling the plug" in the cockpit and is off on his own.

After the exhilarating smooth and steady push in the back which is the main effect of the rapid acceleration of the launch, the wonder of it all is the apparently effortless peace. On a calm day the voices of those below float up, seeming to provide a tenuous link with terra firma. The pilot banks the machine into a patch of rising air and you are circled gently and slowly upwards. Fascinated, you watch the hand of the altimeter creeping up the hundreds of feet. As you gaze over the side, the checkerboard green-and-brown fields, the dark olive-green patches of woods and the grey tapes of roads unroll around you. Sunlight patches move slowly

over the ground giving a delightful dappled effect.

Just as you wish this could go on for ever, your pilot says it is time to return. Almost imperceptibly the nose of the glider tilts earthwards, the speed builds up a little and you are suddenly conscious of the gentle rush of air past the cockpit. Soon, as the final turn in to land is made, the grass seems so close that you can almost count the daisies. Then the wheel rumbles gently on to the ground and the glider draws to a halt. As you climb awkwardly out of the cockpit you hear yourself saying with unwonted firmness: "This I must do for myself."

How to go about it? When to find the time? One answer to both questions is: spend your holiday learning to glide. There are 200-odd holiday residential courses run by the British Gliding Association Clubs up and down the country this year.

Last year some 1,200 people of all ages were accommodated on such courses. The cost is about 12 to 20 guineas, covering full board, lodging, instruction and flying charges for about a week. This method of learning to glide, besides the adventurous holiday it provides, has the advantage that a pupil has concentrated instruction over a short period

THE AUTHOR with her husband, David Ince. He is first reserve in the British team

Charles E. Brown



made entirely of white felt, this hat with a sweeping brim and a low crown, by Svende of Paris, is for wear on a not-so-windy day



A combination of straw and felt in toning shades of deep hyacinth with an upturned face-revealing brim.
By Albouy

Paris tops it off



Pink straw trimmed with matching grosgrain, which outlines the wide saucer-brim and makes the bow beneath. A Pierre Balmain model



A "mushroom" of pleated chestnut satin makes this model by Claude St. Cyr. There is no crown—it is a hat that is only a brim

Murray



The now famous trapeze line from Dior's Spring Collection is accepted and seen increasingly in London's smartest meeting places. Here it is in a glorious ultramarine-and-cobalt printed pure silk, worn with a hat (made of the same silk) by Simone Mirman. Price of the dress : 73½ gns. At Fortnum & Mason, Piccadilly



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 And whether toffee's nice to drink—
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'O, Walrus', said the Carpenter,
 'It's very plain to see
 You've got the story wrong-way-round,
 Here's what it ought to be:
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To Alice said the Carpenter:
 (She'd heard the news with glee)
 'Callard & Bowser's good for you,
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 And Alice said, 'I'm glad they met—
 'Twas very meet', said she.

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